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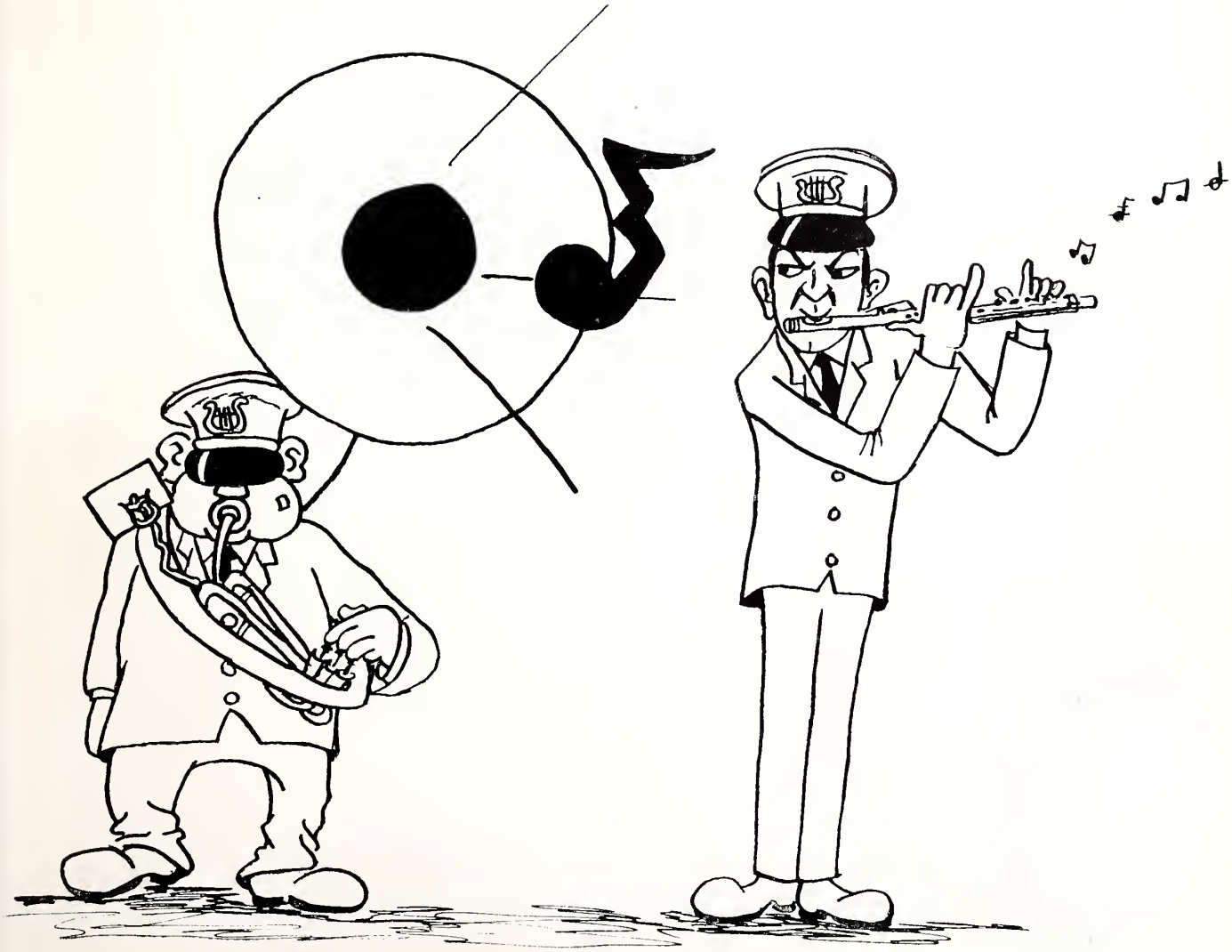

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CONTENTS

From The Interpretation of Dreams—*satire* ..... Paul Hibbard 3

Destiny—*poetry* ..... Sam Watson 6

The Puppet Masters—*poetry* ..... Sam Watson 6

Patterns—*fiction* ..... Don Greiner 7

Journey—*poetry* ..... Fred Dashiell 8

To Cry for Pastel Blue—*fiction* ..... Pat Zimmerman 9

More Books Preferred by Professors—*article* ..... Smith & Sprott 10

How the Football Bounced—*nostalgia* ..... Blease Graham 11

Futility—*poetry* ..... Haley Thomas 13

Assurance—*poetry* ..... S. A. Lanham 13

The Noise of Solemn Assemblies—*book review* ..... Henry Smith 14

Last Lesson—*fiction* ..... W. B. Mosley 15

The White Man Speaks—*article* ..... James S. White 17

Comment—*editorial* ..... Randy Kincaid 19

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Satire by Paul Hibbard

FROM THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

by Sigmudd Freude

. . . We have seen in previous chapters that the dream, which we have conclusively proven to be an expression of an unfullfilled or frustrated wish, which wish, however, remains unconscious to the wisher, occurs, as it were, on two levels, one of which, because of the nature of the terms—only representational and ideal, as the reader, of course, realizes —is higher than the other, i.e., more obvious and accessible to study; the level most readily examined—indeed the only level imagined to exist heretofore by far the most part certain psychologists — we have called the *manifest* content of the dream, which, however, is only a quite superficial aspect of the dream phenomenon, and is the end product of an ingenious psychic mechanism, the function of which is to distort the actual or real significance of the dream, i.e., what we have called *latent*, which psychic mechanism we have agreed to call *dream-work*.

And now we will present one final dream, rather striking in its implications of interpretation, for the benefit of those readers and certain of my colleagues who have for so long insisted on playing the fool* by dogmatically refusing to accept the proven results, results of which there can be no longer any doubts, of true Science. Certainly when no less a person than Goethe says, *Ich traume, das ich einer Bauer war.*, his descendants cannot ignore valid conclusions on dreams and dream-meaning.

Some years ago while practicing in Vienna, I had commenced a series of treatments with a young and quite wealthy Arab, whose name I must of course withhold, who after having taken the cure at Spa along with his entourage, numbering about forty persons in addition to his world famous harem of some eighty-seven, had come to the Austrian capital for an extended vacation, and, I must admit in all modesty, to seek out the Dr. Freude, about whom he had heard so many reports; it was, if the reader recalls, something of an international past-time to be under the care of the controversial doctor in those days. The young prince, to whom the world would have conceded complete happiness if indeed to any man, suffered it seemed from chronic indecision. In the course of treatment, after his initial resistance was overcome, I urged him to relate his dreams to me, no matter how trivial or unimportant they might seem to himself, a system the efficacy of which I had demonstrated to myself many times over, and on which I had written an introductory essay previous to the young man's treatment. The patient was highly intelligent, and began to grasp the significance and importance of his dreams much earlier than was usual. One dream of high sophistication and originally which he related in the latter stages of treatment follows:

I am riding in an old-fashioned French *coupé* along a high Alpian road; there are terrifying cliffs and precipices along either side of the vehicle. My companion, an ugly old man, a Norman, is secretly laughing at my trembling hands, hardly able to hold the reins. Suddenly there is a great heave to the earth and seven fat, well-fed cattle appear on the road followed by seven ghastly-thin ones. The old man is sticking me with pins and pushing me from the carriage. I jump down from it and run to the cattle and kiss each of the thin animals squarely between the eyes. Their breath is terrible.

This dream is rich in symbolic significance as well in its unusually clever manifest form, hiding a latent content quite as varied and lovely as a Persian rug*.

As we have noted, the latent content disguised by dream work, can often be discovered by simply interpreting a given instance as the exact opposite of that which appears in the manifest form of the dream; we are justified theoretically in this technique of interpretation for the simple reason that the dream in its most primative form is nothing more than a wish, an escape from the real, expressed in terms of the furthest point from what actually is. Another extremely useful tool in dream analysis is based upon the reoccurrence of certain phenomena in dreams which can only be understood as *symbols*, the appearance of which points invariably to an underlying meaning. The symbol shows an extraordinary consistency among peoples of all times; in another work I have clearly demonstrated this fact and will leave it to the reader's initiative to discover my work in that field. In addition to the over-all wish-fulfilling purpose of the dream, there seep into it certain alien elements, i.e., having no immediate bearing on the primary wish, which can profitably be ignored insofar as explanation of the essential motive or wish is concerned. Often in this connection, especially in the latter stages of treatment, elements specifically introduced in the dream, unconsciously it goes without saying, are dreamed

---

*Freude's term here rendered "playing the fool" is the German *schnuchbiehen*, which has no exact English equivalent: it carries with it the sense of *unconscious* fool playing, while the English implies the fool *wills* his antics. Perhaps, however, the English renders Freude's intent more exactly since the master was convinced until his death that his earth-shaking discoveries were not accepted by his medical colleagues simply from their jealousy of and refusal to admit his own brilliant genius. Trans.

*Freude's humorous comparison impresses one as slightly strained, for of course the patient was Arabic. Trans.

for the sole purpose of throwing the analyst off track, and indeed at first glance seem to comprise a large part of important material for examination.

The dream in question is entirely unoriginal in its setting if I may say so: the journey along a dangerous road obviously represents the progress along "the road of life," a metaphor not limited merely to dream symbolism, but appearing daily from the most insipid journalism to the sublimest literature; the "terrifying heights and precipices" represent possible "falls from grace" encountered along life's journey—speaking metaphorically of course— for these phenomena represent in truth a fear of heights and falling. That the subject is riding in an old-fashioned French *coupé* stems from his predominantly French education, his "carriage" in life. Thus far the dream setting is nothing more than symbolic, but as the account progresses, one begins to notice traces of hidden meaning, something merely hinted at, the presence of which is scarcely apparent, even to the initiated. The reader will look again at the second sentence and be startled by the evasiveness of it: "My companion, an ugly old man, a Norman, is secretly laughing at my trembling hands, hardly able to hold the reins"; this feint attempts to trick the examiner by describing the companion, whose existence has not been established before a detailed picture is drawn! On questioning the young man about the old man's secret laughter, I was told that, i.e., the patient, "knew" it instinctively. This sixth sense often appears in dreams; and it invariable is shown that the person in whom feelings are "known" represents a second side, if you will, another side of the dreamer's personality: so then, the patient is really riding with himself; it becomes clear, again through common metaphor, that the second self can be none other than the young man's conscience. So now, we have resolved the first problem; but yet anothe rremains in the same sentence. It is also revealed through innuendo that the subject himself is driving the vehicle, not the old man, whom we have recognized as conscience. The conclusion here could be drawn by a child. But that the reins offer difficulty, i.e., that the subject directs his life only with conscious effort, gives us yet another clue: there is war within the subject's own will, battle enough to press through to the surface of awareness through the dream.

The explanation takes form as we follow through the relation. At this point a phenomenon long observed in my practice appears, hostility toward the analyst. In a seemingly relevant concatenation of circumstances in the manifest content there appears a flaw, a flaw which is obvious to me. The young man, Arabic, I must remind the reader, dreams, in a shallow attempt to slur my competence through allusion, a grotesquely distorted version of the Biblical account of the dream of Joseph, deliberately — although unconscious to his superficial awareness—to display his distrust of my personal integrity as well as to sneer at my discoveries in dream analysis. And yet, how cleverly the caricature of the famous dream, in itself an alien insertion, is fitted into the larger pattern of general significance by our cunning patient. This facility to take almost any matter at hand and twist it into a larger scheme of meaning is characteristic of the dream work.

As I have said, my patient was a well-educated, cultured young man, having read several of my books published at the time as well as numerous articles, albeit in French translation. His knowledge of my work and discoveries was of tremendous importance in both his dreams themselves as well as in the treatment of them. In one of the pieces of mine that he had read (the aforementioned essay on the importance of symbolism in dream interpretation) I had specifically dealt with representations of sexual significance, giving examples of certain prototypes in the area. So then, the reader can imagine my own amazement upon encountering these same prototypes in the young Arab's relation of his dream. For that reason, along with his obvious skill at dissimulation, I felt that "the old man sticking me with pins," a dream occurrence so full of meaning for the initiated in symbolism, was but another clever feint by our little fox, designed to confuse my search for truth; and I put it aside in my examination—luckily, as it happened.

However, if the symbolism in terms of dream analysis does not prove fruitful, one cannot ignore entirely the common metaphor implicit in the pins and sticking: for does not the sticking with pins imply, indeed mean, *prodding?* And to weave this thread into our interpretation arrived at heretofore, we immediately see the *prodding of conscience!* Here indeed is a key point. We next notice the dreamer's reaction to the old man's prodding and urging: with what alacrity he obeys and jumps from the carriage; there is no hesitation, no struggle. Here we come upon the most commonly used device of dream-work: a wish, expressed in direct contradiction to reality in an attempt to escape from unpleasant experience. Does the ease of choice made in the dream seem probable? Hardly. Therefore, we see that the patient's conflict, which he attempted to "wish-away" through dream-work, consists in reality of the struggle between his two selves[1]. It now remains for investigation to discover the specific nature of the conflict here at issue.

Let us again follow the path, so fruitful is dream analysis, which assigns the complete opposite intent to any dream instance. In pursuing the action of the dream in question, we see that after jumping from the *coupé* the subject runs to the cattle and kisses *each* of the seven animals

[1]I have dealt with this phenomenon quite adequately elsewhere.

"squarely between the eyes[2]." We once again notice the striking absence of deliberation on the part of the dreamer; he kisses *each* of the seven animals without discrimination. But by giving the intent its opposing pole of meaning, it appears the dream betrays great *indecision* toward the choice of "cattle," i.e., wives. The reader can ignore the obvious little humor in this situation of harem problems, for the actual significance is far above the level of stage burlesque: in matters of Science one can not be diverted from the goal by petit purilism*

So then we have discovered that our patient suffers from indecision in his domestic affairs, complicated by prodding conscience.

I must admit that the foregoing conclusion was quite apparent to me after the most superficial study of the dream; however, the phrase, "squarely between the eyes" impressed me as full of meaning and significant to interpretation, without my being able to resolve it easily. In treatment, one under no condition divulges to the patient the meaning of his dream; he must be made to grasp its significance with only the most roundabout hints by the analyst. Therefore, my own failure to reach a conclusion as to the meaning of the dream was no hindrance to treatment. The phrase, "squarely between the eyes" could easily have been distorted by dreamwork from a dominating thought and woven into the dream as an integral part. Therefore, by distorting the phrase myself and giving my imagination free rein to form associations, I set out to follow the stream to its source. "Squarely between the eyes," "squarely between the eyes," "squarely between the eyes." Through association of opposites, my mind hit upon "round," "round between the eyes," "circle between the eyes." That reminded me of the practice among Indian women of making that peculiar cosmetic circle or, to employ the current expression, beauty mark, a *circle* on the forehead *between the eyes;* this relation, once arrived at, struck me as the obvious hidden meaning of the phrase. But its position with respect to the whole was still a mystery. I continually tried to place myself in my patient's own line of association in order to follow out the bizarre phrase: I questioned him if he had ever known any Indian, to which he replied that he had never been any closer to an Indian or India than Columbus! *Than Columbus:* here was the key, the key which was to open the secret of the dream. How readily the young man hit upon his comparison; it was quite on the surface of his conscious mind. Therefore, with this vital new clue to his being in hand, I began anew my train of association. Columbus never reached India, although he *thought* he had: here was the irony of the jest. To live under a delusion as Columbus did, and to be scorned in the end, while still feeling the justice of the belief: a tragedy indeed. Was then the dream in question an expression of fearing to choose for fear of having chosen wrongly and living under the delusion of perfect bliss while in truth life was miserable? As I debated with myself as to the validity of my interpretation, I was in complete ignorance of one factor, the knowledge of which would have completely banished my hesitancy.

In the week which followed, I was preoccupied with the one dream, forcing myself to try new avenues of association; and I often found myself walking by the booksellers' stalls along the *Buchersstrasse*, a route which I had long ago resolved to avoid because of its fascinating air which could lure me away from my work for hours upon hours. Nevertheless, one stall had consistently drawn my interest over all the others; it was rather shabby and unkempt, being operated by an ugly old man. He was amazingly like the picture I had drawn in my mind of the young Arab's dream companion; perhaps my mind's eye had been influenced by him, although I did not recall having seen him before. There was nothing at all in the shelves which should have attracted me: for the most part, some odd numbers of a badly worn *Norvalis*, several statistical reports of Serbian farm production, and numerous poorly-preserved French novels. I had turned through the shelves several times when there struck my eye a sumptuously bound edition of *Fables de l'Arabie* by one Guillaume-Charles Costeux, a volume out of place in that dark hovel. How I could have missed it was striking; but I had a vague impression of having seen it before, similar to that feeling of "living again" a moment or action. The book took my fancy completely and I felt I must have it, almost a compulsion. The price was exorbitant, but I was in no position to argue, since the seller spoke an almost incomprehensible dialect. I took the book like a child's treasure, hardly waiting to remove my cloak before reading it. From the title page, I learned that the author had compiled it in the late eighteenth century after extensive travels in the "East"; he attempted, as he wrote, "*ranconter des conter de l'Arabie*"* which were widely known in that country. One story, from a cycle of tales of a certain prince (amazingly, the name of our patient, also, as the reader remembers, an Arab), was the history of the prince's unhappy domestic experience: it seemed, to be brief, that through trickery, love potions, etc., one of the prince's wives had persuaded her lord to neglect his other mates and to allow them to languish in his absence, devoting all his attention to the one. The abandoned wives, together with certain malcontents of

[2]The significance of the animals' being cattle was readily apparent to me, for the young man had often referred to his many wives as "just so many cows."

*Alliteration does not occur in original German. Trans.

*Tell some delightful little stories from the land of Arabia. Trans.

Destiny

Out of the darkness a voice came to me. "This is the Destiny men face at death. Each soul is set free to continue forever the life lived on earth.

I cried, "So this is all that Heaven and Hell are," and laughed.

But then I thought, "Forever is a long time."

by Sam Watson

The Puppet Masters

"The puppet masters," whine they,
"these
Keep us from doing what we please."
No eyes have they bold truth to see
That they, their puppet masters be.

---

the court, rebelled and attempted to dethrone the prince, who was saved only by a flash of insight which enabled him to have a heavy guard posted about his person.

The coincidence of the prince's name and that of my patient, as well as the fact that he surely would have been familiar with the tale, led me to the final link in the tortuous chain of association in my patient's very being, which proved my former interpretations as well as solving the question of what was specifically at issue in his indecision. Surely it was not a question of taking more wives, a step which could have been effected with scarcely more than the wave of a hand and which would have been lauded in the subject's homeland. Therefore, he could only be considering — unconsciously — whether or not to disband his entourage and take *one* wife. He was, as I have said, of European outlook, French to be exact. And as a good European, he felt impelled to look with disdain upon his own culture and heritage, a *milieu* in which polygamy played so important a part. Thus the fact that his conscience, i.e., the old man, appeared as a Norman peasant. Yet, there existed deep in his unconscious past, a fear, indeed an abhorence of doing the deed, a terror implanted in his unconscious mental make-up by a myth heard in childhood. So then, on the deepest level of unconscious motivation, he feared taking the step, for had not the old prince been destroyed by it? But the dream under examination, which is unique in that it reaches only to a higher level of unconsciousness, expresses the conflict in terms of a *Western frame of reference*, i.e., in terms of Columbus's unhappy end. Not only does the dream-work disguise latend meaning, as is usual, but the latent significance is censored from itself!

After having reached the meaning of the dream in question, it remained to effect a cure of the malady so vividly expressed through it. Suffice it to say that in ensuing treatment I repeatedly examined the dream in my patient's presence, forcing him to do the same in order that he grasp the meaning thereof himself. I must admit that he was unusually hostile to treatment, having recognized the meaning of his dream long before he could accept it.[3]

To recapitulate the explanation reached through analysis and interpretation: the subject, through a dream highly varied in method of disguise, revealed the anxiety of choice between the Western and Arabic *Weltanschaung*. This conflicting desire, is of course, the binding thread of the dream's meaning; there are included in it certain foreign elements, i.e., irrelevant to the underlying significance: various phobia - responses, expressions of hostility toward the analyst, etc. Through the employment of (1) interpretation of symbols common to all dreams, (2) assigning opposite intent to any given instance of circumstance, (3) following sequences of association to their source, (4) and, it must be admitted, alert attention and a degree of ingenuity on the part of the analyst, we have cleared away the *manifest* content of the dream and have discovered the *latent*, or real, content of it, as well as having served the advancement of Science.

Any loose threads in the manifest dream noticed by the careful reader that I perhaps have appeared to overlook, can be dismissed as irrelevant to explanation in so far as they are unimportant, being deliberately introduced by the dream-work to mislead detection.*

---

[3]My critics have called this phenomenon, which I assure the reader does occur, theoretically impossible; however, their objection strikes me as merely quibbling for words.

*The most noticeable of which is Freude's failure to be misled by the phrase on the bad breath of the cattle, which is of course a not uncommon phenomenon. Trans.

PATTERNS

by Don Greiner

He thought it was three in the morning, but he wasn't sure because the watch had stopped. It had quit running sometime during the party. He didn't know exactly why. The watch had just stopped. "Forgot to wind it," someone had told him. But he hadn't paid any attention.

The whole deal had been the usual thing. Record player. And cabin. And people. The usual thing. Maybe this one was a little better, but only because college had adjourned. Still, it was typical. A date and a cooler. The record player had been late getting to the party, and the cabin had been dirty. The mob had found a particular record and had played it over and over. And he had run out of cigarettes. That had been usual too.

Every time he lit a cigarette, the date had said, "I simply hate to smoke in public places." And then the hands would go behind the back and the upward gaze would follow. He would put down his beer and reach into his shirt pocket. "Would you like one?" And she would glance around the room as if she were afraid of a spotlight or something. "Yes," would be the simple answer. He would go through the lighting routine once more.

"I really shouldn't smoke. What with all that cancer and reports and things. And I always have such a bad taste in my mouth." She paused and inhaled again. "Don't you?"

Don't I what?"

"A bad taste. Don't you have a bad taste when you smoke? Everyone says they have a bad taste."

"No." He smiled. "Let's dance one."

The same record was blasting out. Played at full volume all night. "She had a ruby on her tummy and a diamond big as . . ."

"Texas," said the tall one. "I just got back and, podner, let me tell you . . ."

The mob was running around the room. Drinking beer and shaking hands. And hugging girls. No one knew exactly what to do. All followed each other. There were sheep in the meadow and cows in . . ."

"Like brittle statues clamoring for support," he thought. And then he remarked, "I think we're in for a big rain tonight or tomorrow," but the prediction was lost in the greetings of long-lost friends. He remembered a jingle from his childhood: "Let it rain, who cares? I've got a train upstairs . . ."

And when he had absently quoted it, someone added "with a brake and a caboose . . ."

"Boy, it really is good to see you."

"Well, I'm glad as hell to see you again, too."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing much. Just waiting for school to finish."

"By the way, where are you in school, anyway?"

"Gloria, dear, I'm so positively glad to see you again. Where have you been keeping yourself? Still got all those boys on a string? Here, give daddy a kiss for old time's sake . . ."

The record finished. It was repeated again and again. Time dragged. The shoes became skuffed and the shirt became sweaty. His right arm hurt a little where a slightly tipsy girl in blue shorts had burned him with her cigarette. "Here, let me kiss it and make it well." And she did so, leaving faint traces of lipstick over the burnt skin. "Bad little ol' me," she purred and then laughed herself away.

"What time does your watch say?" the date asked.

He looked. "Five after ten."

"That couldn't be right. We've been here for hours."

"It says five after ten. The damn thing has stopped."

"You probably forgot to wind it. Let's cut out of here."

He walked over to a table and picked up the cooler and her sweater. The sweater was soft. Smelled of perfume, but he wasn't in the mood. He drove her home.

"What a fabulous party. So many good records. And all the people that we got to see. Why, I know I haven't seen Muriel in six months. She and I used to be such good friends. Took tango lessons together and all. She is such a dear thing and I just love her to death. Brother, she certainly has put on weight though. Her bermudas must have been two sizes too small, and did you notice that shade of lipstick that she was . ."

He got rid of her and then drove across town to an all night diner. He thought it was about three in the morning, but he wasn't sure because his watch had stopped. Outside the sky was clouding. The moon had been full earlier in the evening, but the luster was gone now. The clouds were actually black. "It's going to be one hell of a downpour," he thought. The last traces of the moon disappeared. He remembered: "let it rain, who cares . . ?"

Mother pulled him out of bed. "Time for church," she said.

He got up and brushed his teeth, thinking about cleaning his breath while cleaning his teeth and wonder-

ing about where the yellow went. Then he began to shave, and instantly he felt the foamy lather stand the whiskers on edge, and when he combed his hair, he thought about that little dab that was supposed to do you.

"Damnation, what a life," he said as he entered the dining room. And instantly he heard, "Such language on Sunday. I'll not have you talking like that on Sunday. Not before church, anyway."

He sat down and listened to his bowl sing with snaps and crackles, and then he watched his cup burst full with thousands of tiny flavor buds. He drank his orange juice and was halfway through the cereal, when he heard, above the noise of the frying pan, "Say your grace. You know it's Sunday."

The humidity had risen during the night. The family was sweating and complaining of the heat. He walked out to the patio in hopes of finding the paper. He knew he wouldn't have any trouble. Everyone would be waiting for the comics. No one was overly enthusiastic about the possibilities of church. They got into the car. "We are expected to be there," someone said.

The drive was the usual thing. The neighbor was late, but she did make conversation.

"I hear that we got our minister back for another year," he said. An attempt at social conversation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Snottle, "and I am so glad, too. He doesn't put me to sleep, and I'll have you know that he prayed four whole hours for my late husband, God bless him, while the lady across the street said that her preacher had prayed only ten minutes for her. You know my poor husband drowned. I told him he was too fat to go swimming. But no, he wouldn't listen. Sank like a two-ton rock. Why, I remember the time . . ."

She dabbed the sweat from her face. "He doesn't make me feel as if he were preaching to me. You know what I mean. Never controversial. Never makes me feel badly or squirmy. Like I told my late husband, bless him . . ."

She dabbed the sweat. They drove to the parking lot. "You know," said Mrs. Snottle, as she picked up her Bible and walked to the main entrance, "it's to damn hot for church."

Home again now, and it was Sunday night. Ed Sullivan. He lay in his room and thought about the oncoming storm.

"Times change."

"Day by day, in every way, we grow better and better, but it certainly is hot as hell, isn't it?"

"Why do you go to church?" Boring."

"Not boring."

"Maybe not religion, but church. ."

"Times change."

"People don't."

"Tomorrow."

The rain was softly falling outside. The drops bounced off the leaves in a steady rhythm, but no one moved to close the windows. The rain was undeniable and the pattern became heavier and heavier. Puddles began to form in the earth, and now a splashing could be heard along with the movement, gentle at first, of the leaves. The thunder roared and the wind brought the rain in crashing torrents. On and on it came, and slashing rivers began to pour out of the roof gutters. He had been right. The rain came and came. It fell on trains upstairs and all night diners. It forced a dimming haze around the neon signs of the city. The rain completely blotted out the vanishing light of the moon and it made its way through the stained-glass windows of a church, left open by an oversight. It fell on a piece of driftwood perched at the very depths of a bottomless ocean, and it whispered "tomorrow." The rain flew against the house and little drops began to form streams on the floor under the doors. And as he lay on his bed and pondered the stupidity of it all, he heard the last request of the evening, "Turn up the television, please." ●

JOURNEY

by Fred Dashiell

In recluse of shaded vistas
line of trees and lawn
eternal by full moon
Saw not this peace
on windy streets
Searching
for a time, a place, a yearning
a sweeping view of fires
burning
lighting long forgotten ways and
wanderings
summation . . . . .
of the restless years.
Now today I saw the genesis come
to be
and filled
with interest stood, and waited
till the moment passed
and overflowing
went the way of all the world.

To Cry for Pastel Blue

by Pat Zimmerman

He often felt tired after she left the room with her tray. But for some reason it was different this time, even though she left him saying, "That's not it, that's not it at all." The darkened room seemed to console him, not because it was his, but because it could not understand.

"Perhaps they're right," he thought as his eyes passively surveyed the books which lined the library's polished mahogany shelves. A fat, soiled hand lifted a pair of tarnished silver eyeglasses from its resting place. He looked at his hand and sadly visualized her dirty nails and the tear beneath the arm of her dress. That was the tear she pulled at as she argued about freedom and love and such.

When she wasn't picking at her saliva-laden lip.

Pulling the large leather chair from behind his desk, he turned it so that it was facing the one large window in the room. He sat down and listened to the whoosh of the air from the cushion's stuffing, not at all entranced by the cool breeze that poets find so enchanting. A chuckle escaped from his taut lips as the sound of clicking heels swaggered down the street below him. And then he fell asleep.

An orange moon walked down the dusty road crying "Damyata, Damyata, Damyata." But even that didn't matter. He didn't even agree with the order. The books tried to tell him, books with beautiful gold lettering and frayed yellowed pages. The maroon and leather bound books all said the same thing. So he told them he knew. And no one cared in a dream, for who ever saw an orange moon crying "Damyata, Damyata" — or for that matter, trees or soaring nightingales?

A chill pervaded the air as he walked down a narrow road which fastened itself to a small clearing surrounded by tall, proud, dead magnolia trees. The clearing was filled with unfamiliar faces, but he felt as though he knew them all. In the center of the circular opening, a figure stood upon a wooden box — much as an exhibit in a zoological exhibition. He moved closer to hear the words that no one else seemed to care about and saw that the figure was at once white, then black, then red, and turning pastel blue.

Its arms flailed hopelessly in a vain attempt to attract attention, but no one listened. And some laughed. His stomach turned as he hurriedly left the clearing, passing a pile of pastel-blue figures on the outer edges. Not martyrs, just dead. As he ran back down the road in a state not far from frenzy, he imagined that the barren mountains behind the clearing were labeled good and bad . . . and other things. He could see the people coming from the clearing to worship the mountains, like swarms of ants at times. And one of them would someday dare to climb the hills and see beyond them. Then he would think of pastel blue and maybe cry for reality.

The city opened its weary eyes, and he could hear the reluctant sounds drifting through the library window. The rasp of time-worn brooms scraped the air as they swept the rubbish of human minds from beer parlors and hostels on the street below. "Death in the city, Death in the city," cried an urchin selling newspapers — as he competed with the clatter of opening shutters. Mothers called their children to ready themselves for church, as they crawled back into bed. And the cathedral carillons sang their majestic peal to a few. Bong, Bong, Bong. Even the Salvation Army was beating the daylights out of Sunday with a big bass drum. Boom, Boom, Boom. Slowly, his fat hand scratched upon his hairy chest. And he yawned and went back to sleep.

When he awoke the room was flooded with light. He arose from the overstuffed chair and stood in his bare feet before the window. The door squeaked open behind him as he vacantly gazed into the street below. She came in, clothed in white . . . just as the night before.

"Mr. Hawkwright, you really should have gone to your bedroom last night. How often must we remind you of that?"

He remained silent, except for an obviously undisguised sigh.

"It's time for your shot, Mr. Hawkwright."

"Again?" he muttered, noticing that she had changed the torn blouse she wore the evening before.

"Yes. Don't you want to get well? Of course you do. Then you can go out like the others and be normal and free."

"Free for what? Free to go to the bars at night and to church in the morning. Free to read the funny papers or free to scratch my toes in private? Or maybe I'll sit at the lake and blow bubbles. Or something."

"That's not it at all, Mr. Hawkwright, that's not it at all."

We heard that he died on Friday of the next week. Most of his friends read the obituary. We did. Probably more read the advertisement below it on the bottom of the page:

Special! Two loaves of bread
for 29c.

More Books . . .

Preferred by Professors

compiled by Henry Smith and Cantey Sprott

[As a continuation of the article which appeared in the May, 1961, issue of *The Journal*, we present here the second installment of *Books, Preferred by Professors*. Our request was the same; we asked each professor to list three books, excluding the *Bible*, which he thinks every Wofford student should read. Below are the results.]

Prof. F. T. Adams:
- Linton—*The Tree of Culture*
- Ross & Van den Haag—*The Fabric of Society*

Prof. G. C. S. Adams:
- Cervantes—*Don Quixote*
- Flaubert—*Madame Bovary*
- Maugham—*The British Agent*

Prof. R. H. Bayard:
- Shirer—*The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*
- Pasternak—*Doctor Zhivago*
- Lewis—*The Screwtape Letters*

Prof. W. G. Blanchard:
- Frank—*Alas Babylon*
- Gamow—*One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*
- Salinger—*Catcher in the Rye*

Prof. W. R. Bourne:
- Hugo—*Les Miserables*
- Plato—*The Republic*
- Voltaire—*Candide*

Prof. John M. Bullard:
- Bunyan—*Pilgrim's Progress*
- Rabelias—*Gargantua and Pantagruel*
- Carlyle—*Sartor Resartus*

Prof. L. H. Colloms:
- Plato—*The Republic*
- Mill—*Essay on Liberty*
- Sorokin—*The Crisis of Our Age*

Dean P. S. Covington:
- Homer—*The Odyssey*
- Dickens—*Pickwick Papers*
- Mann—*Doctor Faustus*

Prof. H. A. Ferchau:
- Tolstoi—*War and Peace*
- Williams—*Endeavour*
- Huxley—*Brave New World*

Prof. H. Hucks:
- Snyder—*An Educational Odyssey*
- Wallace—*History of Wofford College*
- History of your own state—if from South Carolina: Wallace—*History of South Carolina* (one volume edition)

Prof. W. R. Leonard:
- Great Books Series—*Declaration of Independence*
- Gibran—*The Prophet*
- du Nouly—*Human Destiny*

Dean S. F. Logan:
- Churchill—*A History of the English-speaking Peoples*
- Snyder—*An Educational Odyssey*
- Powell—*Pioneer, Go Home*

Prof. C. F. Nesbitt:
- Goodspeed—*A Life of Jesus*
- Fosdick—*The Modern Use of the Bible*
- Smith—*The Historical Geography of the Holy Land*

Prof. C. C. Norton:
- Hugo—*Les Miserables*
- Pandover—*The Genius of America*
- Sanders, Schwendeman, Woodbury—*Societies Around the World*

Prof. W. A. Parker:
- Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*
- Tolstoi—*War and Peace*
- Whitehead—*Science and the Modern World*

Prof. H. E. Robinson:
- Thompson—*Not as a Stranger*
- *U. S. News and World Report*
- *Scientific American*

Prof. J. L. Salmon:
- Plutarch—*Lives*
- Cervantes—*Don Quixote*
- Descartes—*Discours de la Methode*

Prof. J. Secondi:
- Virgil—*Aeneid*
- Aristotle—*Nicomachean Ethics*
- Schweitzer—*The Quest of the Historical Jesus*
- Kant—*Critique of Pure Reason*

Prof. P. VanNuis:
- Plato—*The Symposium*
- Nietzsche—*The Birth of Tragedy*
- Dostoevski—*The Idiot*

Prof. B. G. Wilson:
- Churchill—*History of the English-speaking Peoples*
- Newman—*The World of Mathematics*
- Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*

Prof. M. E. Wilson:
- Dostoevski—*Crime and Punishment*
- Huxley—*Brave New World*
- Camus—*The Stranger*

Prof. W. M. Wilson:
- Churchill—*History of the English-speaking Peoples*
- Melville—*Moby Dick*
- Thielicke—*Nihilism—its Origin and Nature with a Christian Answer*

●

How The Football Bounced

by Blease Graham

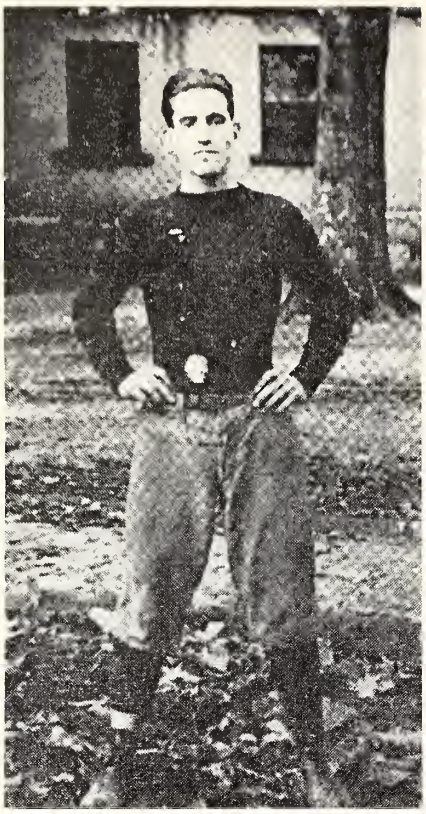
"What a disgrace it is for a man to grow old without ever seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable." Such resounding words of wisdom have been attributed to the reputable Greek philosopher Socrates, whose athletic ability remains questionable, but whose excellence as a mental gymnast is seldom challenged. In this tradition Wofford College through her many years as an educational institution has allowed but few hints of humiliation to fall upon her men through a de-emphasis of physical exercise and maturation.

From the very beginning Wofford's men have had not great distaste for athletic competition with others. Dr. Howard B. Carlisle has recorded the fact that the very beginning of inter-competitive athletics was games of baseball between Wofford students and Government troops who resided in Spartanburg during the time of the Reconstruction. The young seldom hold grudges. The advent of baseball gave rise to a campus outfit called "the Pioneers" in 1869. You will note that this was the year that the "Golden Spike" was driven at Promontory, Utah. The baseball team became an inter-collegiate competitor in 1886.

It was undoubtedly from some obscure influence in the growing aura of physical combat that football took root on Wofford Campus. A certain dynamic professor named Marshall, who had done so much for baseball, was in 1899 given the football team to coach. Before this it was a very unorganized sport. Dr. C. D. Wallace records in his *History of Wofford College*, "December 14, 1889, Wofford beat Furman in football 5 goals to 1, at the encampment grounds (at the present Hayne). *The Baptist Courier* commented that it was greatly to the credit of the Furman boys that they gave more attention to the cultivation of their heads than their feet — a glory which they have since lost if we are to judge by their successes on the gridiron in more recent years. In a second game in Greenville, January 14, 1890, Wofford again took the honors by 2 goals to 1. The *Wofford Journal* attributed Wofford's success to their being a heavier team and to their having been coached by a Yale man."

Evidently, the emphasis on athletics shortly became too great, for in the session beginning in the fall of 1892 faculty sentiments were not approving of the great amount of time the average student must have spent on the playing field. In typical Wof-

The 1918 Wofford Football Eleven reveals a massive forward wall and a fleet backfield as they pose in an offensive formation typical of that era.



A great deal of physical prowess is observed in the personage of Captain Osborne as he poses in the togs worn by the typical competitor in the game described above.
Captain Hoyt Burnett of the 1961 squad communicates to the viewer the same physical ability and prominence seen in the player of old.

ford publication tradition *The Journal* of November 1892 blared, "Breathing — the only exercise at Wofford — football and baseball are no more." Athletics languished momentarily, but they soon rose again to new heights in the 1895 season when the University of South Carolina and Furman were both beaten. When defeated by the University of Georgia later in the season, the students were moved to financial desperation and employed a coach.

After such an illustrious "Early Age," the doom of a dark "Middle Period" shrouded Wofford's pigskin activity. Enraged at the extreme brutality of the game and the disturbing frequency of broken bones, the Board of Education of the South Carolina Methodist Conference in 1896 recommended removal of the game and characterized it as "brutal, wasteful of time and money, a hindrance to intellectual pursuits, and destructive of morals." The demand was made a part of college policy and football was entirely prohibited. The Conference in 1899 allowed the first rays of a football renaissance to appear, for they relinquished their "absolute removal" clause and gave control of athletics to the Faculty and Trustees. In 1900 football was reborn and flourished in inter-class competition. As should be expected, records show fierce play with the dominance in general of upperclassmen. Pining for full reinstatement of play and competition with other institutions was constant, however. After much activity and after a unanimous petition of the Student Body, Trustees of the College did away with prohibition, that is, of football. According to *The Journal* of December 1913, when these results were announced in the chapel of Old Main by Dr. H. N. Snyder, "The old Building fairly trembled amid shouts and cheers." Thus was the "Modern Age" of Wofford football begun.

It is from and because of these humble beginnings that the Wofford College Football Terriers exist today. Football or any other athletic competition on the Wofford Campus has earned its balanced position in the life of the college. Noteworthy trends in present day education emphasize physical play to encourage the development in students of physical courage, to develop a fitness of body, and to form habits of wholesome recreation. Lessons of sportsmanship, fair play, and respect for the will of others were just as important to the Wofford student of 1875 as they should be to the Wally Wofford of today.

A keen competitive spirit has always prevailed in Wofford athletics. The Furman-Wofford series perhaps best demonstrates such. The following account from *The Journal* of

(Continued on page 18)

Editor, *The Journal*
Wofford College
Spartanburg, S. C.
Dear Sir:

I am an old-time Wofford graduate of the year 1925. While attending a summer session at Wofford during the year 1946, I had the pleasure of attending a class with former Capt. Haley F. Thomas, who wrote a poem as part of his assignment with Professor Kenneth Coates of the Department of English. Thomas and I roomed together at Carlisle Hall, and it was my pleasure to become quite good friends with him. During World War II, he had gone through the Battle of the Bulge and other heavy engagements; I, myself, however, a major in the Ordnance Corps, did not go overseas, but I am old enough to remember my impressions of the soldiers who came back from World War I, and their ensuing disappointment at the situation back home—the let-down feeling which is too complex to mention here. As a result of Thomas's poem, I composed a sort of answer to the mood he expressed: his poem was entitled *Futility*, while mine was given the name of *Assurance*.

I trust that you will find the poems of some use.

Very truly yours,
S. A. Lanham
Charleston, S. C.

From Our Alumni

Futility

They are ghastly, they are ghoulish,
Men who marched away to fight.
Trumpets playing, trumpets braying,
Saying loudly in the night,
"They are marching, ever marching."
Cadenced echoes pound the brain.
"They are marching, ever marching,"
To the tatoo of the rain.

They are shadows, wan and haggard,
Forms of men who used to be,
Used to laugh and love and labor,
Cry in pain and shout in glee.
Now they march in solemn column;
Broken bodies, bloody feet
Paint the pavement of the city,
Stain the sand of village street.

They are searching, ever searching
For an understanding tear;
For a man who knows their faces;
For a man who heeds their fear;
For a man who shouts, "Remember,"
When we cheer a tyrant's roar;
For a light, a smile, a welcome;
For a widely open door.

Will their weary feet e'er falter?
Will their troubled hearts know peace?
Will the wild incessant pounding,
Will the echoes never cease?
They are searching, ever searching
For the cause that's undefied.
They are searching, ever searching
For the cause for which they died.

Haley Thomas

Assurance

Bide your time in patience,
Ye men who marched away;
The cause for which you fought
Will ever be our lay.
Many another man before you
Marched away to fight,
And after having lived through Hell,
Looked upward to the light.

Hardly a score of years ago,
Your fathers also fought,
Convinced were they that, come what may,
Their lives had gone for nought;
They had their disappointments, too,
Their problems and their fears,
They also made an anxious search
For understanding tears.

In Flander's Fields the poppies grew,
They made a carpet red:
And many an older man than you
Lies with the Honored Dead.

So bide your time in patience,
As your fathers had to do;
Help yourself to get inured
To a fifth that's not yet through:
Let's run the race before us;
The cause for which you died
In Glory lives; and never doubt
The Right was on your side.

S. A. Lanham

Book Review by Henry Smith

THE NOISE OF SOLEMN ASSEMBLIES

by Peter Berger

Peter Berger, a sociologist, opens this unusual book with a "Preface on Perception," in which he very lucidly defines his purpose: that of carefully and severely scrutinizing the nature of the religious establishment in America, and from there proceeding to define the mission of the Church in the world. He declares that

> Christian commitment demands a relentless intellectual honesty, because it concerns God, who is truth and who is offended if He is worshipped as anything less than truth.
> . . . Where religion is mainly a matter of social establishment, a part of the taken-for-granted order of society, it is understandable that the debunking effects of sociological analysis bring about the severest shocks. . . . On the campus, for example, the religious organizations are all too often the gathering place for the most conformist, the most anti-intellectual, the most prejudiced segments of the student population. . . . To will God's love is to will truth. . . . The worship of the true God is always accompanied by the unmasking of idols.

This has been stated very well by C. S. Lewis: "When half-gods go, God arrives."

Religion in American society appears as a prominent symbol of public life, but for the individual, religion is relegated almost exclusively to his private life. "Religion as a national symbol—religion as a leisure-time activity: a curious paradox indeed!"

Berger proceeds to assert that one's affiliation with the religious institution is one's act of fidelity to an "O.K. world," to a society in which the "status quo" must be maintained at all costs. Social harmony within this 'status quo' is the will of the divinity. Social conflict, by implication, is evil." He makes very explicit the startling truth that the life of our churches has nothing to do with the message of the New Testament nor with the historic creed of Christianity.

What alternative, then, is there for the concerned Christian student?

He may choose *not* to be member of a religious group which is too often a dwelling-place of cheap security. He actively responds, with his total personality, to the conviction that there are no limits to human redemption under God's grace, and that to freely encounter truth must often exact the fearful price of standing alone. No longer is he an organization man, but he is of an insurrectionary spirit; he is an adventurer; he is a Christian rebel, *not* on behalf of principles, but on behalf of men.

Berger concludes his very exciting and challenging essay with these words:

> Christian rebellion can never be total revolution. It rebels against injustice and untruth with passion, but its goals are limited. Its anger is tempered by compassion and humor. Even in the act of rebellion, the Christian continues to live in the wide world of God's creation. He retains his capacity for joy and for laughter. He does not mistake his own impatience for a necessity of history.

This book is a "sine qua non" for any student who is even slightly concerned with the life and message of New Testament Christianity in these troubled times.

(M. I. T. Voodoo)

LAST LESSON

by W. B. Mosley

Charles went to the river to escape until the river was replaced by love . . .

It was a dirty river and Charles would always go there whenever the flux of depression grew too great for him. It gathered slowly, like steam within a slowly-heated, covered pot, and the river was a valve to him. Whenever he began to feel like giving his home town something pernicious to talk about; whenever he felt like casually approaching someone on the sidewalk and spitting squarely into his eye, it was then time for him to visit the muddy, brackish river and fish, and think, and let society's steam condense. This pattern was always the same, but somehow always different, varied, and excusable.

At daybreak, when all was quiet and serene, he would go behind the old motel, get a cane pole and anything for bait, and walk down to the river. There was something strange at the river-side, and it was a good companion; he was never lonesome. And when he left, he would be cheerful, and have a desire once again to go back and try to conform.

He first found this peace at that dirty river during his final year of high school, just after the Junior-Senior beach party. A scene wild, evil, and so depressing, had sent him on a quest for peace, for some transient satisfaction, and he found it.

"Kate, it's time we got back. We have a long trip to the cabin, and it's late and we've all drunk too much . . .," he said, to perhaps the only girl he ever had on a pedestal, and she was his girl, and she was untamed that night.

"Charlie . . . go on . . . let me alone. . . . There's Thomas over there . . . dance with me, Tom."

"Kate . . . wait . . . let me . . ."

But she was in Tom's arms held tightly and standing there disheveled and half asleep, trying painfully to dance.

Charles did not need to hear what Thomas was saying to her, for they were gone.

His relationship with Kate had been long and fruitful, one respected, one cherished. Since their first date, there was a bonding faith to a friendship, but to nothing more.

And at the beach, where one takes on an unquenching independence, where vows are pushed aside, she temporarily dismissed Charles, to leave with someone whose qualities were then unknown. With wistful dreams, she destroyed an image for Charles; if she had glanced through a window at Charles after leaving with Thomas, she would have seen herself disintegrating and toppling in his mind.

So Charles felt no binding ties there and he left late that night after searching and not finding; Kate could get home somehow.

So Charles went to the river and left Kate there. The pedestal cracked and fell and Charles tried hard to keep it together.

The dirty, slow-moving river was hemmed in by murky, disease-ridden swamps, swarming with water snakes, mosquitoes, and carp. But Charles found it and was glad, despite the savagery and filth, for it had intangible goodness and worth.

He stayed down river about a day; he did not eat or drink or sleep; he only fished. Even when his wasp nest was empty, he still fished, and he left feeling peaceful.

Charles had a forgiving nature towards Kate. During a June garden party at twilight, he saw Kate alone and apprehensive, and the flame was rekindled. So he talked with her and danced with her, and took her home. So Kate eventually replaced the river to Charles; whenever he felt a grim winter within his soul, he talked with her and she helped him, and the river did not.

The summer proved rewarding to them. When autumn came, they were still satisfied and content. Then the ugly vision of the unknown and un-

experienced approached. It was time to be separated; it was time for a new life. Kate left for college earlier than Charles, promising to write often. Charles was to attend college at a place far removed, at a place where frequent visits home would be both impractical and impossible.

The day before he left, he received a letter from Kate, and he and his letter went to the river. He traveled down-stream and tossed his line out in the lazy current, and marveled at this place where only he could take secret interest. He reread the letter and it was perfumed and sweet, and he vowed there to be loyal. The river was something grand; he promised to revisit it often, because it offered so much.

College altered the life of Charles. He was so far from home and Kate, so far from the happiness and strange joy received only from home and only from Kate. They wrote often, with unrelenting zeal; but as the days passed, the zeal passed. Time, the element that heals, also destroys. During Thanksgiving, unable to go home, he went home with a friend who lived near the college. Kate had not written him for such a long time. But Christmas would come and Charles could go home.

Four days before Christmas holidays, Charles received a letter from Kate. He was overjoyed. After five more days he would be with his family and Kate, and he would visit the unchanging river. When he was alone in his room, he read the letter.

"Charles," it began, "I will only be home Christmas Day and someone will come home with me. I see home enough because I'm not far away like you.

"I met this wonderful person here at school. He's coming home with me. Do I need to tell you how sorry I am? Charles . . ." He tore up the letter and threw it away. It was a long letter, but he did not need to read further.

Generally speaking, all of the states are rectangular except, of course, for Florida, the New England States, Alaska, and Hawaii, which is shaped like an island.

Charles lived miserably until he saw all the familiar landmarks of home from the train window. He was still hurt, and he felt that he would only be peaceful when he was at the river, shivering in the cold air, fishing, and lamenting over this lost thing that he loved so. Surely the river would help him.

Soon he was there. Depressed and confused, he could not answer why that thing had happened. After tossing out his line in the river he sat and thought.

He did not know how long it was, but after an eternity, he felt his line tighten. A moment afterwards, a small carp was floundering wildly on the bank. Charles unhooked the fish and threw him back, as he always did.

"That fish . . . he was hooked like I am," he thought. "He was trying to escape—just floundering with a vain hope that the line would break, so that he would be free—like myself. I've been floundering since Kate's letter, to free myself; perhaps something will free me."

Charles had changed. No longer did the river have its mysticism and magic; it seemed childish to go there.

He got up slowly and walked away, leaving the pole there with its line still submerged. He walked to the highway, snuggled up in his raincoat, and lit a cigarette.

"Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass . . ." thought Charles.

Like the carp, Charles was fighting something defeated from the beginning, some blind, idealistic cause with no reason why. Then he drove away, thinking that the river had lost its one-time charm, its one-time glory and meaning. He never returned. But the river, outdated by growth, maturity, and change, gave an answer that was unconsciously heeded.

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On Cheerleaders *And Such*

Little known to our complacent and over-fed society of today a great danger, cleverly hidden and slyly disguised, is threatening our hard-won way of life. No urban center, large or small, has been able to escape its clutches, nor do any of these show signs of seeking deliverance. Grasping my courage with one hand and my pen with the other I shudder as I form the word "*cheerleader*." You laugh; do so while you may, for the day is soon coming when you shall laugh no more. Let me prove my point.

Since the dawn of time this breed of person has quested for but one thing—noise, noise, and more of the same. The specie Cheerleadius jumpupanddownandraisehellius has plagued poor, peace-loving mankind for so long that he has finally begun to succumb to its overpowering strength. A quick glance at history will make this clear.

Cleverly kept quiet by the leaders of this cult the history of cheerleading is a sinister, dark blot on the already not so rosy past. Even the sages of holy writ were not immune. In a recently discovered, highly censored dead sea scroll we find these words:

Kenuii, Seperii, Hynisanciae
Ate Mosesian ficasciana!

Roughly translated this means:

Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar;
All for Moses stand up and holler!

History assures us that they did.

There is also an excerpt, partially damaged by the passing of years, the last line of which reads something like—

Gideon, Gideon, rah, rah, rah!

Moving on and delving deeper into the hidden history of man we discover that in 1957, Dr. Edward M. Post, A.B., B.D., M.A., Ph.D., while digging about in the ruins outside Rome found a moldy but recognizable letter sweater. In the pocket of this garment was found a wrinkled sheet of papyrus on which someone, centuries ago, had etched the words—

Rip him up, tear him up,
Give him hell, Spartacus!

Most appropriate, if somewhat sadistic, we must admit.

From the fall of the Roman Empire things began to look up until modern times. The cheerleading movement went underground, to emerge only sporadically all the way through the Middle Ages. With the industrial revolution, however, and the rebirth of many large cities, the movement once again got under full swing. Some evil, twisted mind invented the megaphone — that devil's instrument of mass torture and then, probably from the same mind, the P. A. system. Cheerleading strongholds were ecstatic with joy and the world has never been the same.

How wonderful it must have been to go to a sporting event and yell or whimper or shout or weep only when the spirit and events of the game moved you. No wild-eyed demons booming at you to shout this, that, and the other while the other side shouted back at you. If your side was winning or losing by an obviously unsurmountable margin you could lean back and go to sleep, forgetting misery or losing yourself in happy dreams of victory.

But cheerleaders will never be content with that which they now control; oh, no; even now more are being trained to lead in revolt slogan shouting, snake dance chants, and other like matter.

So spectators of the world — sit down, close your mouths, and turn deaf ears to these lovers of noise, these advocates of bedlam, and let serene silence be your watchword.

●

"THEN AND NOW"

(From page 12)

December 1915 is a lucid description of football and competition in former days.

THE FURMAN - WOFFORD GAME

On Turkey Day the "Terriers" journeyed over to Greenville to meet their old-time rival, and, supported by a great part of the student body which accompanied them, strove hard to close their 1915 football season with victory. Promptly at 3:15 p.m. the two teams faced each other, and Furman chose to receive at the north goal. Nigh unto a thousand people lined the borders of the field, and loud cheering for both Wofford and Furman rent the air. When the whistle blew, Quarterback Osborne placed his toe squarely against the oval, and it soared fifty yards before it descended into the waiting arms of a Furman back. The halfback was over-anxious and fumbled, the ball rolling across the goal line; but Captain Grissette, of Furman, snatched it up like a flash and dashed out, only to be fiercely tackled upon his goal line. The Wofford team claimed a safety, but the referee decided to the contrary and gave the ball to Furman one foot from their own goal. The two teams lined up for a scrimmage, and the light Wofford players looked like midgets compared with the giants that composed the Baptist team.These monstrous giants began their assult immediately, and tore through the Wofford line for almost five yards at a clip. The "Terriers" fought gamely, snapping and clinging to the legs of their antagonist, but to no avail. The Furman team marched steadily down the field, and, in spite of all the "Terriers" could do, were soon in the shadow of Wofford's goal. The "Terriers" braced and for a moment held, but their much heavier opponents were not to be held. Captain Grissette was given the ball for two plunges, and each time he tore through the "Terrier" line like a 42-centimetre shell, and ere he was stopped the Wofford goal had been crossed. A try at goal failed.

The ball was then kicked off to Wofford, and, although good gains were made, the "Terriers" soon lost it on downs. Furman again took up its second march for a touchdown, and early in the second quarter carried the ball across. Wofford again received the ball and soon had it in the middle of the field. At this point the "Terriers" came nearest to scoring. Wofford lined up as if to punt, but Quarterback Osborne, instead of kicking, hurled a perfect pass to Moore, who was anxiously awaiting it thirty yards down the field, and he made ten more yards before he was downed, the Furman safety man getting him. The ball, however, soon went over on downs.

In the third and in the fourth quarters Furman again ripped through the "Terrier" line for touchdowns. Wofford, when she had the ball, made some good gains, especially on end runs, but never once seriously threatened the Furman goal. Although they were outweighed thirty pounds to the man, the "Terriers" never ceased to fight gamely and refused to acknowledge defeat till the referee blew his whistle at the end of the game.

The "Terriers" fought a good fight, and most assuredly would have won if their opponents had not so greatly outweighed them. The final count of the score was Furman, 25; Wofford, 0.

Ed. Note: *Remarks of appreciation are due to Mr. Herbert Hucks, College Librarian, for his assistance to* The Journal *in the search for the pictures and data used above. As well, Dr. D. D. Wallace's* History of Wofford College, *in addition to the portion quoted, provided copious reference for the writer.*

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Comment . . .

There seems to be a different atmosphere on the Wofford campus this year — an all-pervading feeling encompassing not only the intellectual, but the social, extra-curricular, and even the life-in-the-dorm phases of activity in our little cloistered world. This is an atmosphere of good will, of intellectual striving, of faith in one's fellows, of sincere concern by faculty for students, and vice versa, and, reduced to simple terms, of happiness. This atmosphere differs from those we remember in the past three years in its depth, its genuineness, and, as we mentioned above, its all-pervasiveness.

Let us suggest a few apparent causes:

Everyone has had a summer of vacation, or at least change, to recuperate from last year.

A fairly large segment of the faculty has had an intellectually - stimulating (as claimed by Dean Covington) tour of Europe.

New Main, in all its splendor, opened its doors to the new school year.

The football team is having a successful season.

Wofford managed to obtain what appears, from all reports, to be an unusually able group of new faculty members to augment the well-respected old guard.

And finally, the new freshman class by all statistics is the best for many years.

Granted, this atmosphere has suffered a few major setbacks; but we think that generally it has held its own this year. If it remains and strengthens in subsequent years, Wofford will indeed be the coming small college in the South.

* * * *

Those of you who have been searching for some literary merit on these pages may end your search now; it is not to be found here. Therefore, we invite each of you to stop reading at this point, for we shall devote the few remaining sentences to a statement of the editorial policy of *The Journal*, an annual chore for all self-respecting editors.

The one question we shall ask in deciding whether to publish a particular contribution to *The Journal* is "Is the article literary?" This shall be our sole criterium.

Now let us come back to reality and note a few practical limitations to the above.

First, the term "contribution" above suggests a certain spontaneity on the part of the student body in submitting articles to *The Journal*, which is seldom found on the Wofford campus. And so our first limitation will occur when contributions are few in number, and we, of necessity, must publish a book of reasonable thickness.

Secondly, and this limitation is self-explanatory, we are not anxious to leave Wofford because of disciplinary action.

We trust we will be deluged by contributions for the December issue, the deadline for which is December 1.

●

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Wofford College Journal 1960-61

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the JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

January ● 1962

the JOURNAL

CONTENTS

THE DYING—*short story* ..... Don Greiner 3

THE COUNTRY GIRL—*poetry* ..... Sam Watson 4

BOOKS, PREFERRED BY STUDENTS—*article* ..... Henry Smith 5

THE RISE OF RICHARD—*short story* ..... Garadas Daugalis 6

A TERPSICHOREAN DISPLAY—*article* ..... Spratt White 7

PERSPECTIVE—*short story* ..... Melford Wilson 8

RED FEVER AND THE GRAND ALLY—*essay* ..... Henry Smith 9

A WOFFORD PENTAD—*nostalgia* ..... Blease Graham 10

AWAKENING MAN—*poetry* ..... Paul Hibbard 12

DROUGHT, STIFLED, PLAY—*poetry* ..... Melford Wilson 12

FRESHMEN, HERE YOU ARE—*article* 13

COMMENT—*editorial* ..... Randy Kincaid 18

Cover: THE NIGHT BEFORE *by* J. Spratt White

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The Dying

Short Story by Don Greiner

There was a great bustle around the house. A tingle of unusual excitement was in the area of the den where the family herded. It was an eagerness — a feeling of the unexpected.

Of course, the main focal point was now on the television set, for it was almost three o'clock. Time for the early show. Mother had searched five minutes for the TV Guidebook before she found it on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, between yesterday's newspaper and the set of Encyclopedias.

"Jean Harlow," she said, as her eyes penetrated the small writing.

"Huh," said Son.

"Jean Harlow. A movie with Jean Harlow. You know."

Son got up and walked over to the mirror. He scratched his face. He leaned into the glass and pinched a pimple. "Damn stuff," he said. Then he pulled out a long black comb and began to straighten his hair.

Sister was watching him from her suggestive pose on the couch. She was two years younger, but she made up for it by downing twice as much gin. "Good for the soul," she always said. "You should try the grease test," she said, shifting her position so as to light a mentholated cigarette. She took a deep drag, flicked the ashes on the rug, and then reached inside the neck of her cashmere sweater. She tugged at her shoulder strap and repeated, "Why don't you try the grease test, Brother?"

He paid no attention. The hair was now matted down. He poured himself a drink and took his seat.

"Alright, alright," droned the Mother, "quiet down. Shut up. Close your mouth. The show has started."

"Do you think we should turn it down, Mother?" asked Sister. "I mean just a little. Granny's dying in the next room and you can hear that damn thing all over the house and . ."

Mother turned up the volume. "Will you shut up? How can I hear with you jabbering. Jean Harlow, girl. That's Jean Harlow."

Son finished the drink and poured another one. He was already four behind Sister, and she hadn't had one for thirty minutes. He tiptoed across the room and walked out to the patio. There was no escape. He could still hear the early show blasting through the walls.

It was a lovely spring afternoon. The camellias would normally be in bloom, but they were being choked out by weeds. The grass was eight inches high. Even the magnificent three-thousand dollar fence that, as Father put it, "could keep anybody out, and anybody in," was losing itself in the vines. There was a sky above, but it was hidden from view. The trees hadn't been trimmed or cleared out in nearly ten years.

A few minutes later, during the fourth commercial as broadcasted through the walls, Sister walked out to the patio. This time she had her glass. "On the wagon long enough," she said. Son took a deep swallow. She was getting ahead again. "The worst thing in the world to happen to an older brother is to have his little Sister out-drink him," she mocked. He paid no attention and stared at the wasteland.

She sat down beside him. "What shall we give Granny for her going away gift?" she asked. This time she caught his attention. He turned to look at her. There was no horror in his eyes. He simply stared.

"What going away gift?"

"Oh, you know. The final tribute from the loving family. She'll be dead in two or three days."

"Hell, I don't know. What does she want?"

"Camellias," said Sister. "We can give her camellias. That will save money. We'll give her camellias and pick them from our own yard."

"If you can find any," he said. "I think they're all dead. Just look at that mess."

"Oh, we'll use them," she said. "It won't make any difference if they are faded. It's the thought that counts. Besides, how will she know?"

He got up and re-entered the house to the living room. Sister followed him.

"You better not go in there," she said. "Mother doesn't allow anyone to use that room."

The living room was rather drab. The furniture was covered with sheets, and the drapes were drawn. Son walked over to the stereo and pulled back the dust cover. He put on a record and turned up the volume.

"A little louder," said Sister, as she walked to the bar. "I can still hear the early show."

"What about Granny?"

"Turn it up," she said. "What difference can it make now? I'll take her a camellia. And maybe a dandelion or two."

They both sat down on the covered chairs. There was almost complete darkness. No light penetrated the drapes.

"You know," he said, "we could have a problem. How can we have the final sermon for her in the church?"

"What?" asked Sister. "What do you mean 'how can we.' Of course we can."

"No," he said, "I mean in the sanctuary. They are remodeling it. Some other church built a higher steeple, so you know what that meant."

"But I thought the remodeling was finished. They were supposed to finish by Thanksgiving."

"Yeah, I know," Son said, "but the interior decorating is held up. Thirty women from that church circle are haggling over what color to paint it. Some of them want a dull brown and some want a shade of green. Now it won't be finished until after Christmas."

"Well, they're dedicated souls, aren't they," said Sister. "After all, think how important it is to have the right color scheme. Well, we can hold the service right here. We have a brown room and a green room. We can simply stand between the doors, half in one room, half in another."

"Hell," Son said, "I suppose that will do. The main thing is to get her buried."

The record finished. Sister and Brother got up and left the room. "Maybe we can get the end of the early show," she said. They walked down the dark hall and turned into the den.

But the early show was over. The television was turned off. The Mother was asleep on the couch. The cigarette bowl was empty. The gin bottles were dry. The Grand-mother was dying in the next room. Sister and Brother looked at each other, but it was difficult to see.

Dusk was falling with the oncoming evening, and it was dark inside the house. There was a candle burning beside the sick-bed in the next room, but the flickering was weak. No one had bothered to turn on the lights. It would not have done any good.

●

A PROFOUND PROBLEM

by

Sam Watson

What is this country girl, I say,
This pleasing, charming disarray?
She cares for me — or cares she not?
A profound problem have I got!
She'll fetch me up and dash me down
And make of me a foolish clown.
In the mirror these I see:
A man and yo-yo. Which is me?
Alas, I feel anxiety
And some psychic calamity.
The best advisability
Would be for me to run from she.
But run from she I can't, not me.
A wooden yo-yo must I be,
A-wound around her fingerli
Too tight to break away from she.
Sometimes I think that I must flee
And do! But ever beckoned back is me
By her so frail but awfully
Powerfully
Captivating fingerli.
If I should break my string, and flee,
How little good it would do me!
By one much like her I would be
(Though not so gentle, sweet as she)
Swept back into captivity.
Indeed, I ask not to evade
This gentle jail divine
But just a simple, helpful aid
To know my captor's mind
That makes of me a wild debris
And casts me in confusion's shrine.
Some perfect guide—this is my plea—
To fathom femininity,
To grasp her great incomprehensibility
And her distressing consanguinity
With all the rest of femininity.

BOOKS,

Preferred by Students

Compiled by Henry M. Smith

We present here the logical sequel to the series of articles which appeared in the last two issues of *The Journal*, "Books, Preferred by Professors." The request we made of students was the same that we made of faculty members: Name three books which you think every Wofford student should read. Below are the results.—Ed.

Ray Inman
- Orwell—*1984*
- Ovid—*Metamorphoses*
- Dante—*The Divine Comedy*

Robert McJunkin
- Rand—*Atlas Shrugged*
- Barnett—*The World We Live In*
- Hoover—*Masters of Deceit*

Jimmy Gibert
- Rawicz—*Long Walk*
- Lewis—*Babbit*
- Fielding—*Tom Jones*

Don Greiner
- Faulkner—*The Bear*
- Salinger—*Catcher in the Rye*
- Camus—*The Stranger*

Randy Kincaid
- Lederer and Burdick—*The Ugly American*
- Sartre—*No Exit*
- Orwell—*1984*

Henry Smith
- Fromm—*The Art of Loving*
- Phillips—*New Testament Christianity*
- Dostoevskii—*Crime and Punishment*

Gerry King
- Dostoevskii—*The Idiot*
- Orwell—*1984*
- Drury—*Advise and Consent*

Fred Henry
- Lamont—*Humanism as a Philosophy*
- Joyce—*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
- Grout—*A History of Western Music*

T. B. Ergle
- Mann—*The Man on Your Back*
- Crankshaw—*Russia and the Russians*
- Bullock—*Hitler, a Study in Tyranny*

Mike Copps
- Mill—*Essay on Liberty*
- Kennan—*Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*
- Galbraith—*The Affluent Society*

Les Hosman
- Dostoevskii—*The Brothers Karamazov*
- Gamow—*One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*
- Huxley—*Brave New World Revisited*

Wicky Moseley
- Melville—*Moby Dick*
- Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*
- Warren—*All the King's Men*

Jim Kilgo
- Hugo—*Les Miserables*
- Wolfe—*Look Homeward, Angel*
- Salinger—*Franny and Zooey*

Bob Yelton
- Huxley—*Brave New World*
- Homer—*The Iliad*
- Dostoevskii—*Crime and Punishment*

Thurman Anderson
- Shakespeare—*Hamlet*
- Milton—*Paradise Lost*
- Homer—*The Iliad*

Paul Hibbard
- Strunk and White—*The Elements of Style*
- Adler—*How to Read a Book*
- Plato—*The Republic*

John Callahan
- Dostoevskii—*The Brothers Karamazov*
- Hemingway—*For Whom the Bell Tolls*
- Wilder—*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*

Blease Graham
- Brennan—*Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security*
- Zuigley—*The Evolution of Civilization*
- Newman—*The World of Mathematics*

Mike Hillier
- Steinbeck—*The Grapes of Wrath*
- Lewis—*Babbit*
- Thackeray—*Vanity Fair*

Charles Saunders
- Salinger—*Catcher in the Rye*
- Lewis—*It Can't Happen Here*
- Drury—*Advise and Consent*

Sam Watson
- Anderson—*Winesburg, Ohio*
- Tennyson—Complete Poems
- Plato—*The Gorgias*

Ray McLees
- Lederer and Burdick—*The Ugly American*
- Hawthorne—*The Scarlet Letter*
- Burdick—*The Ninth Wave*

Geradas Daugalis

THE RISE *OF* RICHARD

Once upon a time, a young undergraduate sat despondent in his room. The reason for his despair was that, just now, in the closing months of his senior year, he had decided that he did not, after all want to be a philosophy major.

"What kinda garbage is this!" he exclaimed, throwing *Critique of Pure Reason* violently against the wall, "what the hell can I do with a degree in Philosophy? Write books? Teach for a lousy six grand a year?" Besides, he had just failed a test on Hegel.

Why only last night his beloved Eleanor, a sophomore at the School of Education, had gigglingly confided to him in the back seat of his car that she liked men with lots of money and that most of "those highbrow college men" were "the worst and not any fun at all." She preferred, she wispered, normal fellows, not "stoopit" mind you, just "nawmul." And, of course, with "lotsa money."

He had told her that he was a business major and that he was going to join his father's accounting firm. It wasn't his fault that she believed him and besides, it was all a means to an end — she was an extremely receptive girl.

And now he slouched in his chair, his feet up on the desk. After a few moments of silence he suddenly got to his feet in a rush of motion and began throwing all his books one by one out the window — Kant, Voltaire, Shopenhauer, Spencer, Marx, Nietzsche, even the great Russell went fluttering indignantly to the ground. After fifteen minutes of exhaustive labor, only one book was left; the *Bible*. He picked it up and with a mighty heave sent it crashing through the other window which he had neglected to open.

"Damn!" he shouted as the glass shattered, "Damn, Damn, Damn!"

At those words the door opened and a tall, distinguished - looking gentleman strolled leisurely into the room. He was slim, swarthy and rather good-looking and was attired in a neat black suit. He surveyed the place briefly and then turned to Richard.

"You know who I am, I presume," said the stranger off-handedly. Richard evidenced a blank stare. "You sent for me at any rate," smirked the man, looking at his watch.

"Ah haaaa!" exclaimed Richard, his eyes lighting up. "You're . . ."

"Yes, precisely," interrupted the stranger. "What do you wish? My terms are the usual ones, you understand."

"Oh yes," said Richard, "but why didn't you come with a puff of smoke? Why aren't you red with a tail and horns and a moustache? Why don't the . . . ?"

"Come now," barked the stranger impatiently, "I haven't time for such nonsense. I am what I am, as a certain associate of mine would say. Now what do you want?"

Richard drew himself up to his full height, smiled the smile that millions would later worship and said. "I want position and respect. I want fame and power. I want recognition, I want heatlh and most of all I want money — lotsa money."

The stranger smiled back at him. "Very well," he said writing it all down in a little black book, "you understand and accept the usual terms of one of my agreements?"

"I do."

"Good. Sign here."

Richard signed the impressive looking paper that the man held out. They shook hands and the stranger raised his right arm.

"So be it, Richard," he said and vanished. ●

Spratt White

A Terpsichorean Display

or How to Flabbergast the Spectators

At a dance last night, held by one of the larger educational institutions for women in our Palmetto State, there was one of the most amazing exhibitions of undergraduate enthusiasm I have ever witnessed. So struck by it was I that I was immediately inspired to set it down that others might profit.

As music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, so, too, doth it have charms to drive into wild frenzy the intoxicated homo sapiens.

As my date and I were strolling among the various other couples between numbers, our conversation was interrupted by the opening strains of that grand old hymn "When the Saints, etc." Being musically inclined and wishing to conform to society's dictates, we two began one of the more conservative steps now in vogue, only to be interrupted by a rather large disturbance off to our right. Hastening to the scene of turmoil, thinking, from the noise, that a chandelier had dropped on someone, I suddenly saw through an opening in the crowd a sight to rival the proverbial purple cow. He was at least six feet, five inches, tall and weighed about 150 pounds, two-thirds of which was leg and the other divided between arm and neck, with the neck somewhat favored.

She was approximately five feet, three inches tall and also weighed about 150 pounds; all of which was incased in a full, full evening dress.

The dance was indescribable. The girl, poor dear, had no active part in the entire ritual. It was more like she had bought a ticket for a ride on a roller coaster and now wanted off. The gentleman's role was a gyrating sort of jump that reminded one of a cross, perhaps, between an Arabian sword dancer and a wounded helicopter. The idea seemed to be to pound the floor vigorously with one foot while scratching behind his ear with the other. Though this formed the basic premise, he was also called upon to keep his date, gripped vice-like by both wrists, revolving rapidly about him, allowing her to touch the floor once in every three or four revolutions. As if this weren't enough, in order that all might see and there-

(Continued on page 17)

Perspective

by

MELFORD

WILSON

"Patience please, Ladies and Gentlemen of Cook, the sightseeing boat is just now coming."

"Oh Herman, Herman honey, look at that quaint old man sitting there. Do get a picture of him."

"All right dear. Uh, pardon me sir, may I take your picture? Just a shot in that cross-legged position to show back home in Nebraska. You know pic-ture, pho-to-graph, with this camera; understand? He doesn't seem to understand, Mable."

"Herman, just go ahead and take it. All Hindus like to have their pictures taken. Get one of his face up real close to show the wrinkles and all."

"But Mable, suppose he's praying or something; it might be sacrilegious."

"Don't start that. He probably makes his living looking typical for tourist."

"Cook this way! And now if you good people will watch your step as you board, we shall proceed up the river to the famous burning *ghats*—Now 'ghat' is a word meaning . . . ."

"Hurry, Herman!"

"As soon as I get a reading."

—click—

"There that ought to be good. Thanks old fellow, here's a rupee; go buy your kids a toy or something."

"How much did you give him?"

". . . and on the left bank you may note the Nepal Golden Temple built in . . ."

"*Namasthe*, honourable seer, may the gods be good to you. The city certainly has been too full of pilgrims of late.

"So I wonder—you see, I just don't seem to have time to perform all of the necessary rites any more. So many pilgrims, you understand.

"So if you would—well, I'll make it worth your while to—perhaps—uh—say a word for my good business and of course my family's health and all.

"Anyway here's 8 annahs and remember me to them. Just don't want to neglect the gods, you understand."

"Pardon me, Sir, do you speak English? Paul Morlock's the name, here is my card, I wonder if you could spare a minute?

"You see I'm traveling around the world—uh—can you understand me? I could try my Hindi, but we wouldn't get far for I've only picked up a few words like how to count to ten.

"But I'm curious about why you are sitting in the sun like this? I mean it'd be cooler under one of those umbrellas; there are lots of them along the shore."

"Come on, Paul."

"Well, I have to move on, sorry you don't feel like talking.

"Unfriendly old goon over there doesn't understand a word of English and he's subjecting himself to heat torture to get the thrill of suffering. You read about 'um doing it all the time. Thinks it pleases the gods."

"Oh compassionate, most holy Sadhu, word of your healing has spread far and if you will but lay a finger on my small son I know the fever will go away. Just don't let him die.

"Oh, why has this happened to my boy. He is only a baby of three months and already with the fever. I've bathed him in the river, given offerings in the temples — you can cure him, Oh Holy One. Save my baby, save my baby! All that I have is yours, just let my baby live . . . . . he's cooler!

He really is cooler!

here Oh Holy One, a golden ring
for this blessing.
My baby is saved!
MY CHILD IS SAVED!"

The Punjab sun set and the last rays were reflecting day's final rainbow from sky to water to sky. The old Sadhu closed his eyes—

"How perfect!
This day
the sun traveled an arch.
Never wavering."

He rose and walked back into the crowd.

Two small ragged boys scuffled on the bank of the mighty river for a rupee, an 8 annah piece, a gold ring, and a calling card.

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AND

The Grand Ally

by Henry M. Smith

"The East-West tension, which is threatening us all in the most terrible fashion, is mainly due to fanatical belief in Communism or anti-Communism, as the case may be. Both sides believe their own creed too strongly." So says Bertrand Russell, the Nobel Prize-winning British philosopher and scientist. Mr. Russell goes on to say that, except for the danger of an East-West nuclear war, nationalism is the greatest danger faced today by mankind, and not Communism.

In this country those who most blatantly encourage this fanaticism are not difficult to spot: they are the rabid, radical, highly emotional anti-Communists. Some of these, perhaps many, are members of the John Birch Society. Some are Freedom-in-Action crusaders and Christian anti-Communist crusaders. Perhaps some come from the ranks of South Carolina Alert. And there are others.

It seems that if you disagree with their method of attacking Communism, you must be "pink," or duped, or maybe even "Red." If your blood does not boil at the sound of "Commie," you are indeed a very poor patriot. If you oppose the circulation of ugly, distorted propaganda—such as the movie, "Operation Abolition" —or if you support the National Council of Churches, you understand not at all the nature of Communist subversion. If you endorse the reading of any book such as *Catcher in the Rye*, you are an ardent supporter of immorality, and this facilitates the victory of Communism by weakening our moral standards. And if you are not suspicious of everyone whose patriotism is not unquestionable, you yourself are a suspect.

In this vein we have every right to deal with the Communists in the same manner and by the same tactics which they would use against us. This is wholly justified because the Communists are much more evil and wicked than we could ever be. And if concerned and responsible citizens are slandered or even greatly hurt because they are under suspect and irresponsible accusation—despite the fact they are innocent—this is too bad, but nothing to be seriously concerned about. We must be sure of these things, you know. After all, the only alternative is black or white, clear-cut, distinct: we either surrender to the Communists, or we annihilate them—one or the other.

In the name of religion, morality, good ethics, clean living, democracy, republicanism, patriotism, and freedom, these persons would have us believe that they have the answers, that they alone have seen the light. They would have us believe that we can do no wrong in fighting Communism. while the Commies' actions must necessarily be wholly evil. We and our way of life are immaculate; the Communists and their ways are altogether wicked.

Religion becomes a major theme to strengthen our society and government; it becomes the central crux in a national crusade. Religion becomes a useful, convenient tool in our struggle to defeat the opposition. God, patriotism, and the "American way of life" become all wrapped up in beautiful, inspiring creeds. We are the leaders of the spiritual, Godly West against militant, atheistic Communism. The Divinity smiles upon us and showers us with His blessings: "Good boy, Sam," He seems to say, "Keep up the good work." He favors *our* side and will therefore intervene on *our* behalf in the battle for the minds and nervous systems of men. He is the kind of God who caters to *our* demands and *our* desires in the fight to bury the enemy. Even J. Edgar Hoover, who is certainly not an extremist and whose patriotism and loyalty to the democratic tradition are beyond doubt, has expressed this attitude in his statement, "Since the Communists are anti-God, encourage your child to be active in the church."

It seems to me incredible that we can believe that this "God" who promotes our national aspirations and ambitions is really the God whose judgment and transcendence stand over and above us and our petty ways. Or that we can really think this "God" to be the

> God Whose ways are not our ways, Whose thoughts are not our thoughts, in Whom the few believers do not fully believe, and Whose purposes are larger and different from those of . . . America, the free world, or mankind.

Because *if* the will and purpose of God are at work in history—and I believe this to be vitally signficant—then the will of God is at work in Russia, China, Cuba, and Eastern Europe, just as forcefully as it is in the United States or anywhere else. That is to say, *if* God slowly but surely works out His plans in the course of human events, then He works in Communism as well as in democratic proceedings. I do not believe that our own brand of emotionally-charged, aggressive nationalism

(Continued on page 17)

Then and Now

A WOFFORD PENTAD

by Blease Graham

Man is an energetic animal. From his earliest entry into a formalized society, which may or may not be civilized, childish enthusiasm has pervaded his every action. Within this mood, however, the careless man in his activity often exceeds the bounds of acceptability, which his group has fashioned. Such activity must be stopped if possible or at least rerouted. Thus, we have revealed to us the essential task of the disciplinarian and that is to "discipline" or enforce order.

Through the ages disciplinarians have assumed fantastically varying sizes and shapes. Perhaps the first "law enforcement" officer had long hair, a steeply sloping forehead, prominent nose and cheekbone, bulging biceps, knock-knees, flat feet, and a tremendous body odor. Today we have attached the name "woman" to this creature of early times. Even though appearance has changed, her function on an overly egregious male is still the same. This heritage may in someway explain our modern day possessive attitude.

To appease angry female readers I may quickly add that the typical town Marshall of an old western settlement does not depart too greatly as a male counterpart engaged in the disciplinary function. You are familiar, I m sure, with the stereotyped individual implied, a tall, handsome, gun-slinging, well-dressed hero, who manages always to emerge triumphant (at least in TV plots). Actually, they were usually bearded, cock-eyed, tobacco-chewing, bow - legged, tin-toting dictators whose gun either enforced regularity or the unlucky officer found himself in Boot Hill, six feet under. In either case he was all things to all men — a deliverer in oppression, a provider in shortage, and a counselor in frustration. It may be that our hypothetical "woman" had the same function. At least early men must have thought so.

I suddenly realize that this composition has suffered from digression. It is my intention to briefly reveal the identity of a group, a pentad, of men who on this campus have been "all things to all 'Wofford' men" in many instances of their work. Specific reference is to the office of Dean of Students and to the five men who have occupied that office.

Order, or discipline, if you please, on a college campus is a very elusive entity that has been more easily attained in recent years. Hollis in his book, "South Carolina College" tells of armed demonstration by South Carolina College students against the practices of town policemen in Columbia prior to the Civil War. He also mentions other scandalous activity, such as dueling and excessive intoxication among the students, stoning of professors, and removal of some of the possessions of the college steward from his home to the bottom of the college well, because of the bad meals in the college dining hall. Coulter in "College Life in the Old South" makes similar reports. Our reaction is one of joy that such things are virtually eliminated from today's

W. R. BOURNE

B. M. CANNON

R. A. BRENT

P. S. COVINGTON

S. F. LOGAN

activity.

Such violence has not plagued Wofford, because She took firm roots in a later period when greater seriousness and desire was evident among students. At any rate discipline in Wofford's first ninety plus years was managed amiably by the Dean of the College, of which A. Mason DuPre was a recent one and not among the least in effectiveness.

The world conflict that we know as World War II caused many changes in our environment. People became more active and on-the-go, yet paradoxically still serious and afraid. Vast technological advances, spurred by war demands, greatly advanced intellectual and academic levels. The "returned" generation appeared and trooped off ships in New York harbor. Some few hundred of them trooped right into Wofford College, anticipating the education of themselves. Made into an Armed Forces Instruction Center during the war, the college was in financial straits and was to be thought of as merged, coed, and many other things in the next few years.

Trooping from barracks to college dormitory is a long walk. Trying to learn after four years of being commanded is difficult. From the point of view of this writer it appears as if the Dean of the College became too heavily burdened to attend to both academic and disciplinary problems. Thus, through the insight of administrative genius his office was divided and in the year 1946 first mention of a Dean of Students is made. Of course, the counterpart, a Dean of the College or Academic Dean, still remained. Dr. C. C. Norton occupied the position of Dean of the College in 1946. Professor W. R. Bourne, nevertheless, has the distinction of being the first Dean of Students, perhaps dubiously. In addition to heavy administrative chores Dean Bourne began to function as "chief Disciplinarian" of the College. The 1947-48 Wofford College Bulletin shows his involvement in discipline as "A student may be suspended or placed on probation for misconduct. If a student is found guilty of an additional offense while on probation, suspension will ordinarily follow. For minor infraction of rules the student may be penalized with demerits. If a student accumulates 100 demerits he will be suspended from college. Minor infractions of the rules will be heard by the *Dean of Students* . . ." In his typical scholarly and masterful fashion Prof. Bourne served outstandingly. The 1948 Bohemian reflected the delight of the student body in his action. "In his second year as Dean of Students, Professor W. R. Bourne has manifested his ability to maintain discipline in the largest student body in Wofford's history, which in itself is an admirable accomplishment. In his frequent 'chats' with individual students, he has emphasized a realistic approach to the problem of education." But Prof. Bourne grew somewhat unhappy in his setting and had a yearning for the refreshing atmosphere of the classroom. Soon he returned to his position in the language department and still teaches there today.

The responsibilities of the office were assumed by Mr. Bernard Moffett Cannon. Mr. Cannon, who served in 1949-1950, along with Mr. Robert Arthur Brent, who served from 1954-1956, were lesser dynamic members of the pentad. Today they are not generally known on the campus, for both have left the College and serve elsewhere.

Between Cannon and Brent an energetic dean, P. S. Covington, served for a period ranging in years from 1950 to 1954. This man made the office a beehive of activity and was revered by the students much like Prof. Bourne. Mr. Covington was a disciplinary whip, but a friend to all

(Continued on page 17)

AWAKENING MAN

He feels the life, voluptuous and fur-like,
Rise upward through his quiet limbs and brush
Each sleeping fiber with its sweet persuasion.
He floods his lungs with all the living airs;
And the cool grasses recoil beneath his touch,
Then press with eager joy to stroke his fingers.
The watching sun envelops him with veils
Of warming light, all soft and floating gold.
He lifts himself with careful grace to save
The silken beauty of the sea: and it
Remains. And now the shore-god sends to him
A white-winged gull for his devotion to
The breathing waters, ever-new, the same.

The singing purpose of the place is new
And he embraces all the earth in rapture.

—Paul Hibbard

Drought

Parched fields of dried grass;
a single bead of dew poised—
hesitates—
drops.

Stifled

On my water fountain
the dead fly;
turning I go!

Play

How happy!
But it is only my
wiggling finger,
little kitten.

—Melford Wilson

FRESHMEN,

HERE YOU ARE

Last September during Orientation Week the Office of the Dean of Students conducted a survey of the class of 1965. The answers given in the General Questionnaire have recently been tabulated. Feeling that the student body would be interested in the results of the survey, the Dean of Students has decided to publish them in this issue of *The Journal.*

In the tabulation following, both total replies and percentages are given for each different answer choice or fill-in. The total number of questionnaires filled out was 229. It will be noted that none of the questions was answered by all 229 persons, and consequently the totals given for each answer choice will in no case add up to 229. Percentages, however, have been computed on the basis of the actual number of answers received, not 229; the number of answers received varies from 207 to 229, usually in the 220's.

All information resulting from this survey or contained in this article is the property of the Office of the Dean of Students of Wofford Cllege and may not be used for any purpose without permission from Wofford College.

1. In how many different cities and/or towns have you lived?

One	102	44%
Two	51	22
Three	31	14
Four	13	6
Five	13	6
More than 5	18	8

Those who had lived only on a farm were listed as one town, unless they had lived in more than one different area. In the case of the "more than 5" answers, several were sons of armed service personnel.

2. Color of eyes?

Blue	95	41%
Brown	74	33
Hazel	28	12
Green	26	11
Gray	6	3%

3. Color of hair?

Brown	167	74%
Blond	33	15
Black	17	8
Red	7	3

4. Number of brothers?

None	91	40%
One	75	33
Two	46	20
Three	9	4
Four	4	2
Five	1	1

The total number of brothers is 215. Since 226 persons answered this item, the total number of sons in all their families is 215+226=441.

5. Number of sisters?

None	86	38%
One	95	42
Two	34	15
Three	11	2
Four	1	1

The total number of girls in all the families is 200. Out of the 229, 227 answered the question.

On the basis of the two questions above, 25 or 11% are the only child in the family.

6. Extent of education of father.

Less than seventh grade	11	5%
Thru seventh grade or more but not High School	27	12
High School graduate	73	32
Some college, but not 4 years	27	12
College graduate	59	26
More than 4 years college	29	13

7. Extent of education of mother?

Less than seventh grade	2	1%
Thru 7th or more but not High School graduate	27	12
High School graduate	84	37
Some college, but not 4 years	34	15
College graduate	73	32%
More than 4 years college	7	3

In the two above items: Many cases were noted where the mother had more education than the father, especially where the father had not been to college. In the case of the mother's education, business college was not counted as college, and in the case of fathers, trade school was not counted above high school. Nurses' training was counted as College but not graduate.

8. Have you ever traveled by train?

Yes	190	84%
No	35	16

9. By plane?

Yes	107	47%
No	120	53

10. By ocean-going ship?

Yes	37	16%
No	190	84%

11. Have you ever gone steady?

Yes	154	68%
No	73	32

Different people of course have different ideas of what constitutes going "steady."

12. If so, how often and for how long?

Once	104	69%
Twice	34	22%
Thrice	8	5
more times	6	4

The percentages given are per cent of the number who had gone steady at all. The longest time was more than 5 years, the shortest about 2 weeks.

In the next item, it was observed that those who had gone steady tended to have dated more different girls.

13. How many different girls have you dated? Give an approximate answer if necessary. State whether your answer is an exact or approximate answer.

No dates at all	2, or 1%	
Exactly:		
One	3	
Two	1	3%
Three	2	
Four	0	
Five	3	
Six	0	2
Seven	1	
12	1	
16-20	2	1
21-30	0	
more	3	1
Total exact	18	8%
Approximately:		
Three	1	
Four	1	5%
Five	9	
Six	4	
Seven	4	
Eight	4	15%
Nine	0	
Ten	21	
Eleven	2	
Twelve	10	
Thirteen	1	6%
Fourteen	1	
Fifteen	26	12%
16-20	34	15%
21-25	26	12%
26-30	19	8%
More	27	17%
Indefinite	5	2%
Total approximate	205	92%

14. Your favorite color?

Blue	112	50%
Green	46	22
Red	29	13
Brown	10	5
Olive	6	3
White	4	2
Black	4	2
Gray	2	1
Yellow	2	1
Aqua	1	
Blue-green	1	2
Beige	1	
Purple	1	

15. Your favorite major league baseball team?

New York Yankees	103	49%
Los Angeles Dodgers	26	14
Milwaukee Braves	16	8
Detroit Tigers	10	5
Cleveland Indians	10	5
Pittsburgh Pirates	8	4
Baltimore Orioles	8	4
Boston Red Sox	5	2
Cincinnati Reds	5	2
St. Louis Cardinals	5	2
Washington Senators	4	2
Chicago White Sox	2	
Los Angeles Angels	2	
San Francisco Giants	1	3
Chicago Cubs	1	
Minnesota Twins	1	
Philadelphia Phillies	0	
Kansas City Athletics	0	

16. Which do you prefer?

Blondes	56	25%
Brunettes	55	24
Redheads	6	3
No single preference	103	46
Not interested	4	2

17. Do you like coffee?

Yes	144	64%
No	81	36

18. Do you smoke?

Yes	92	40%
No	135	60

19. Your favorite soft drink?

Pepsi	79	36%
Coke	52	24%
Seven-up	23	11
Dr. Pepper	12	5
Orange	12	5
Grape	11	5
Sun-Drop	6	3
Root beer	4	2
Royal Crown	4	2
Tru-ade	4	2
Teem	4	2
Ginger ale	4	2
Dixi-Cola	1	
Limeade	1	1

20. Your favorite flavor of ice cream?

Vanilla	60	29%
Chocolate	53	26
Peach	20	9
Strawberry	18	8
Butter pecan	13	6
Cherry	13	6
Lime (sherbet)	6	3
Butter almond	5	2
Butterscotch	3	
Lemon	3	4
Coffee	3	
Banana	2	2
Fudge ripple	2	
Tortoni	1	
Orange pineapple	1	
Peppermint	1	
Peanut butter	1	
Chocolate marble	1	5
Orange (sherbet)	1	
Raspberry	1	
Crème-de-menthe	1	
Pineapple	1	
Root beer	1	

There were 23 different answers, of which 10 were listed by one person each. It will be noted that vanilla and chocolate together amount to only 55% of the choices, and the top four only 72%.

21. For a pet, would you prefer:

Dog	196	88%
Cat	23	10
Other small animal	5	2

Under "other small animal" the answers were: Parakeet, 2; Raccoon, Mynah bird, Fox, 1 each.

22. Do you like fishing:

Very much	68	30%
Moderately	122	54
Not at all	37	16

23. Do you like hunting:

Very much	109	49%
Moderately	88	39
Not at all	27	12

Why do young men prefer hunting? Perhaps because they don't have time to fish, or are naturally more active, or think hunting is more the sport of the gentleman.

24. Can you swim:

Well	150	66%
Moderately	59	26
Not at all	18	8

25. Do you play chess?

Yes	111	49%
No	115	51

26. Checkers?

Yes	220	97%
No	7	3

It could be that many of the 220 who said yes, may only have learned the rules some time ago and are not active, serious players.

27. Bridge?

Yes	80	36%
No	147	64

28. Poker?

Yes	170	75%
No	57	25

It was noted that in many cases a person who did play bridge did not play poker, and vice versa.

29. Can you dance? "Slow dances?"

Yes	214	94%
No	13	6

30. "Fast dances?"

Yes	169	74%
No	58	26

31. Do you like to dance:

Very much	107	47%
Some	83	37
Very little	36	16

Many of those who said they can't dance also said they don't like to.

32. Do you like to sing:

Very much	48	21%
Some	105	48
Very little	70	31

33. Types of music you prefer to listen to:

Classical	75	33%
Grand opera	35	16
Light opera or musical comedy	52	23
Jazz	141	63
Rock 'n' roll	152	67
Popular vocal	146	65
Other	26	12

Since each person could check more than one answer, the totals add up to more than 229 and the per cents to more than 100%.

The words "light opera" may have reduced the number who would have checked "musical comedy" had it been listed separately.

Some of the other types received on the write-in: Rhythm and blues, marches, religious and choral, movie and TV themes.

34. Favorite types of reading matter:

Mythology	43	19%
Classic fiction	12	5
Science fiction	87	39
Modern novels	137	61
History	112	50
Biography	79	35
Philosophy	34	15
Scientific	62	28
Hobby-connected	35	16
Plays	22	10
Poetry	29	13
Other	24	11

Again the totals add up to more than 229 and 100%. The write-ins on "other" varied widely. Among them were "automobiles," often listed under hobby-connected; westerns; detective stories; mysteries; religion and theology.

35. Do you play the piano?

Yes	32	14%
No	193	86

36. Any other musical instrument? If so specify.

Total others	55	24%

Some of the instruments listed: clarinet, trumpet, trombone, drums, guitar.

37. Do you have any special interests not yet mentioned: If so specify.

Total	40	18%

Some of these were: Sports, cars, girls.

38. Did you take the following in high school: (check those you took)

World history	193	85%
American history	223	98%
Chemistry	182	80
Biology	211	92
Physics	134	59
Typing	141	62
Phychology	57	25

Languages:

Latin	1 yr 24	2 yr 93	Tl. 117
French	1 yr 25	2 yr 50	75
Spanish	1 yr 14	2 yr 28	42
German	1 yr 0	2 yr 1	1
Totals	63	172	235

A few took 3 years of a language; these were recorded as two years.

No language	32	14%
One language	159	71
Two languages	38	17

39. Did *you* have any men teachers in high school?

Yes	223	98%
No	4	2

40. If any, in what subjects? (number of subjects)

One	28	13%
Two	55	27
Three	54	27
Four	32	15
Five	8	4
Six	16	7
Seven	9	4
more	7	3

The men were mostly in the sciences, then math and history, and a number in English and languages. Some had all men teachers; this accounts for the "more" answers.

41. How many books were you required to read and report on during your last two years of high school?

Zero	3	2%
1-5	14	6
6-10	38	17
11-15	74	33
16-20	52	23
21-25	19	8
more	18	8
unknown	7	3

42. Would you evaluate your high school foreign language course(s) from the standpoint of what you learned (or could have learned) as:

Excellent	27	14%
Good	75	38
Fair	68	34
Poor	27	14

43. Would you likewise evaluate your high school English as:

Excellent	71	32%
Good	100	44
Fair	48	21
Poor	6	3

44. Have you come here straight from high school? If not what has intervened?

Straight	212	95%
No:	12	5
Work	3	
Service	3	
Marriage	3	
Prep School	2	
Illness	2	
Not stated	1	

45. Why did you decide to come to Wofford?

Small school	162	71%
Academic standing	138	60
Friends told you about it	102	45
Nearness to home	64	28
Denominational school	50	22
Social prestige	39	17
Scholarship or other financial reasons	34	15
Family tradition	30	13
Other	31	14

46. What language(s) do you plan to take here?

Spanish	137
French	48
German	34
Latin	16
Russian	9
Greek	5

Quite a few listed more than one language. If they said, for example, "French *or* Spanish" the first one was recorded. A number listed no language so per cents could not be figured.

47. Do you plan to take ROTC?

Yes	172	79%
No	47	21

48. In the election of 1960 did you favor:

Nixon	121	54%
Kennedy	103	46

49. Has your opinion of President Kennedy since the election:

Risen	89	40%
Fallen	47	20
Remained the same	89	40

50. Do you consider yourself to be:

Republican	45	20%
Democrat	91	40
Independent	89	40

51. Regarding capital punishment, do you:

Favor it	86	38%
Oppose it	53	24
Remain undecided	85	38

52. The word communism (not capitalized) means:

53. The word Marxism means:
(these two are tabulated alongside each other for comparison)

	communism		Marxism	
An economic theory allowing no ownership of property	114	52%	36	17%
The government of the Soviet Union	12	6	4	2
Dictatorship	21	10	10	5
Extreme liberalism	4	2	2	1
An anti-religious philosophy	12	6	6	3
An economic and social theory developed by a German in the 19th century	32	15	104	50
I don't know	19	9	46	22

54. Which do you think is potentially capable of making the greatest contribution to mankind?

Psychology	45	21%
Philosophy	43	20
Science	131	59

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WOFFORD PENTAD

(Continued)

while Dean of Students. He still is, matter of factly. Professionally, his specialty is English, but as an amateur historian he was very instrumental in the excavation of the College cornerstone during Centennial celebrations in 1954. He helped break the lock on the secret strongbox buried in the stone to find—nothing. He is as well a tyro philosopher and logician whose most outstanding discovery to date is, "Two plus two is four and Wednesday comes after Tuesday." In 1954 he became acting president, until the arrival of President Marsh. Now he is Academic Dean.

The present Dean of Students, Mr. S. F. Logan, necessarily carries the busy tradition of his office. Hearing the wishes of the many campus agencies and maintaining an alert attitude among the members of the student body perhaps generalizes his activity. Today his office has evolved into the nerve center of the college, the library continuing its status as the heart of the college. As an indication of this, glance in the rear of the *Blue Key Directory* and note that "absences, part-time employment, registration for rush and the regulation of fraternities, guidance and testing, housing, lost and found, meeting times, organizations, placement of seniors, traffic and parking, withdrawal from College, and workships" must all in some way be processed through the office of the Dean of Students. And that fails to mention many things not classified.

Our record and job analysis has been too brief in many respects and too verbose in others. However, a new revelation should be emphasized: "Don't apply for the job of Dean of Students at Wofford College or even the job as Student Assistant to the Dean of Students unless you work speedily, do things fairly and squarely, and have 48 hours in one day."

RED FEVER

(Continued)

is any better or any more virtuous than the Communist brand of fanaticism. Arnold Toynbee has expressed this very well: "At bottom, Nationalism and Communism are variations of the perverse theme: man's self-centered worship of himself."

For us to nobly pledge that we are "under God" may glibly conceal the truth that we are not. Our various modes of worship may really be our worship of our own worshiping. And the evidence seems to belie the popular idea that we are a nation which believes in God; we simply think it a good thing to believe in God. We seem to be suppressing and tranquilizing our own uneasy and guilty feelings under the guise of anti-Communism, by trying to persuade ourselves of something we know at heart to be false.

Our display of religious jargon is perhaps the pinnacle of religion as a prominent, conspicuous national symbol. This is religion as "show business," and "there's no business like show business." This type of religious attitude, which tends to make us even more proud of our own pride and which inspires our faith in our own righteousness, is no more religious than the attitude of those we oppose, namely, the Communists. This type of attitude, it seems to me, is nothing more than a debased self-righteousness, a perverse and degraded pride, the end of which is absolute futility.

TERPSICHOREAN DISPLAY

(Continued)

fore honor, he would rapidly bounce from one side of the floor to the other retaining, of course, all the above mentioned features of his invention. All the while his captive date, who, by the way, was also used as a sort of bludgeon to remove those couples who might happen in the way, was emitting a thin, high wail which would grow louder and fainter as they whirled back and forth across the room.

The musicians, sensing what was going on, did as all musicians *must* do when such a crisis develops — double the beat and make ten-fold the volume. At this the male member of the couple immediately threw his face skyward; his eyes shone, his chest heaved, his nostrils flared, his feet and arms doubled their efforts, and his date went sailing across the room for about twenty feet, landing and skidding a good fifteen more on her ample bottom. Without stopping she hopped to her feet, threw a wild glance over her shoulder and beat a hasty exit to the holy privacy of the ladies' room with her trusty date in hot pursuit.

The band, having lost its incentive to play with such gusto, ended the song abruptly and settled down to normal. I turned to my date and we danced

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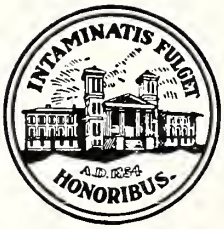

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CONTENTS

On Being Open to Literature—*essay* ..... Paul Hibbard 4

The Scholar's Mission—*address* ..... Avery O. Craven 5

Justification for the Laws of the State as Presented in Richard II and Crito—*essay* ..... Hal Looney 10

Wofford's Renaissance—*pictorial* ..... Blease Graham 12

Song of Life—*poetry* ..... Sam Watson 16

On Tests—*satire* ..... Bill Ebert 17

To the Memory of Our Dear Dead Departed Great Angels—*poetry* ..... Bill Ebert 18

A Time Called Someday—*short story* ..... W. B. Mosely 19

A Great Day for Blossom-Viewing—*short story* ..... Don Greiner 21

Comment—*editorial* ..... R. R. Kincaid, Jr. 27

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

Wofford College
Spartanburg, S. C.
March 5, 1962

Mr. Mortimer Caplin, Commissioner
Internal Revenue Service
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Caplin:

As you are doubtless aware, many Americans have submitted their income tax returns for 1961 prior to the deadline. I was one of these civic - minded individuals who realizes how busy the hard - working people at the Internal Revenue Service must be. I want you to know that I submitted my 1961 income tax return on January 13, 1962.

But I am not trying to heap laurels on myself, so to the point. I paid $4.00 in income tax this year. This was the first time I have ever made over the minimum salary; consequently it is the first time I have ever had to pay any income tax. As you are well aware, paying income taxes is considered unpleasant by many Americans. I was certainly no exception. However, after seeing the terrific job that our government is doing in winning the space race, I feel that my $4.00 was probably not wasted.

This brings me to the point of the letter: In return for my consideration of your staff shown by filing ahead of the deadline, I would ask a favor of you. Would you please see to it that my $4.00 is earmarked specifically for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, or more specifically, for Project Mercury. If you can assure me that my money will be so designated, I will indeed feel that it is being well spent.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD F. CURTIS

the JOURNAL
Wofford's Oldest Publication

On Being Open To Literature

Paul R. Hibbard

That "willing suspension of disbelief" will not do: one must do more than lower the barriers of common sense to read great literature; one must resolve openness to a new viewpoint, not only "for the moment that constitutes poetic faith," but for life.

Coleridge no doubt wrote his famous lines with an eye to defending his own exotic poetry — sea-snakes, fateful albatrosses, pleasure domes, and the like could be disputed; and his explanation of the ideal state of mind for reading was well taken. With such an air-tight justification for their existence, many strange Romantic flowers bloomed; and others, that had therefore defied classification, could at last be legalized *à la* Coleridge. But one feels that Coleridge himself would have admitted that the moment of poetic faith was after all only a moment, a lapse into the intense landscape of make-believe from which the reader could return, refreshed and wiser.

However, the Coleridge insight, like most other good things, has become trite through use; and it often stifles understanding of the best legacy of the Past, it's good literature. It is a shallow interpretation to explain the *Macbeth* witches, the Platonic myths, or Roland's horn as what people unfortunately believed and to dismiss them as embarrassing situations. It is worse, however, to try to reconcile oneself to these so-called flaws—like indulging a spoiled child — by suspending disbelief. Such a self-satisfied view simply misses the point.

If literature is understood as one peculiar way among many possibilities by which man brings his experience to expression and gives some order to it, it follows that all literature will be intimately related: the first straw-man toppled by a sense of history is that Modern Man is unique. What determines the greatness of a piece of writing is precisely how well it elucidates the characteristically *human* condition. Now if this universality of literature is recognized then the reader decides to approach it as a whole, just what is to be done with the flaws he discovers? That certain "impossible" situations do appear at all betrays the obvious fact that ways of understanding the world change. It is also obvious that at any given instance it would be pointless to fix a conception as final—as pointless ultimately for us to deny witches as for Salem to affirm and roast them. Nevertheless the relativeness of man's view of reality does not make one conception as good as another; it merely suggests that there are many possible modes of understanding and, consequently, should deflate the viewpoint that proclaims its own perfected finality.

At this point the difference between "suspension" and "receptiveness" is clear: since "suspension" implies a later viewpoint, which may or may not be an improvement, literature should be approached on its own terms, hence "receptiveness." As the heir of the Past, our age stands in an ambiguous position to its great literature: our reading experience can be tyrannized over by our own uncritical dismissal of anything "metaphysical," or it can be enriched and enlightened through older perspectives. Looking at past literature from a later standpoint can not only yield new insight but serve as a corrective for current aberration—for example, the revival of Donne by certain Existentialists. It would be tragic to condemn ourselves intellectually to the present—like having to start all over again on the moon; and yet we do it almost gaily.

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THE

Scholar's Mission

by Avery O. Craven

Phi Beta Kappa is a unique organization. I do not have in mind its long and distinguished past, nor even the high ideals for which it stands. I refer only to its physical characteristics. It seems to have a strong national or central body of officials who are devoted and efficient. Its membership is steadily increasing. It has carried out a number of difficult and extensive projects. It has promoted an excellent periodical, in the *American Scholar*, and it has built, restored and maintained buildings on the campus of the college at which it was founded. Its membership is loyal, and proud of their connection.

Yet locally, where the real strength of any organization must be found, Phi Beta Kappa seems to exist, at most colleges, in a state of suspended animation each year until the time to accept new members. With that duty performed and the habit of listening to an address satisfied, the chapter goes back into hibernation. With the advent of the wrist watch even the sacred Key has disappeared from public sight, and has become a treasured but useless article in some bureau drawer.

* * * * *

I offer these comments not in criticism, but in praise. For in this very lack of conspicuous existence lies the strength of Phi Beta Kappa. It has become the *symbol of something* rather than just *an organization*. Its Key is a *banner* not an *ornament*. Membership is a *recognition*, not a *reward*. It merely symbolizes the fact that some persons have shown that they possess superior intellects, greater industry, and a larger interest in scholarship in a place and time where the emphasis is heavily on other values. It means that those in whom these qualities have thus been recognized, must accept the obligations and responsibilities that go with having been endowed with the unusual.

And therein lies the catch in the whole business. Phi Beta Kappa stands for scholarship; its membership is composed of persons who have, at least, proven that they have the ability to be scholars. And where the organization is non-oppressive; where its authority consists only in the right *to expect* quality; then the obligation to meet those expectations becomes purely an individual matter. Freedom in any democratic society carries with it individual responsibility for all its values.

I have, therefore, as a historian, been interested in the assumptions regarding the obligations of the scholar, which speakers on occasions such as this have made in the past one hundred and seventy-five years of Phi Beta Kappa's existence. Almost without exception they have assumed that the scholar has an unusual and unique responsibility. They have, with changing emphasis, talked about what they think the scholar ought to contribute to his age, and talked of it as *his* peculiar contribution.

* * * * *

Back in 1823, when De Witt Clinton spoke before the chapter at Union College, he was worried about "the peculiar circumstances" and dangers which threatened the young nation. "The experiment of a great empire founded on the federative principle," he said, "has not been fully tested by the efflux of time and the pressure of events." He was fearful that local interests, "in an extensive republic like ours," might destroy the central government; or that the fears engendered in the central government by such threats, might cause it to establish standing armies in its distant corners. And these armies might in time, as in ancient Rome, "rush to the capitol to divide the spoils of power and wealth." Against such dangers, he thought, there was but one shield: "We must emphatically look up to a general diffusion of Knowledge as the palladium of a free government, the

About the Author . . .

AVERY O. CRAVEN, Professor of American History at the University of Chicago, is one of America's most distinguished living historians. Born in North Carolina, he graduated from Simpson College (Iowa) in 1908, did graduate work at Harvard and the University of Chicago, and has received several honorary degrees from other institutions. Most of his teaching career has been at Chicago, where he has been since 1924. This year he is guest lecturer for the second time at the University of South Carolina. He has also been guest lecturer at the University of Sidney, Australia; Cambridge University, England; and the American Seminar at Salzburg. He is the author of a number of prominent books, especially concerned with the background of the Civil War. Among his works are the *Coming of the Civil War; Growth of Southern Nationalism;* the *Civil War in the Making; Edmund Ruffin, Southerner;* and the *Repressible Conflict.*

This article is the address which he delivered at Clemson on December 1, 1961, at the winter meeting of the Piedmont Area Association of Phi Beta Kappa, a group composed of all members of that society who live in fourteen counties in the northwest part of South Carolina.

guarantee of the representative system, aegis of our federal existence." The scholar alone could insure the future.

* * * * *

A generation later, in 1837, as the young giant of a nation flexed its muscles and felt the surge of power that life on the great continent had given, Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking before the Harvard Chapter, viewed the scholar's responsibilities in quite a different light. He was certain that the time had come when the "sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectations of the world with something *better* than the *exhibitions of mechanical skill.* "Our day of independence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close," he said. "The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. . . ."

And to bring this urge to flower, the American scholar, in the midst of "public and private avarice" that makes "the air we breathe thick and fat," should shoulder his obligation "to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances."

* * * * *

In 1843, a speaker before the chapter at Brown University, in words strikingly modern, expressed alarm at the threat *to social progress* posed by recent scientific discoveries and the inventions which made them available. The power of compressed steam put to work in engines, he said, adder "greater energy and vigor to the arm of government" than had gunpowder, the compass or even the press. "It may be made to toil in the field and supplant the labor of the slave. It already works at the spindle, and the loom, and the forge, and the mine. It is even now, whilst I am speaking, moving over the earth with the speed of wings, walking up the downward torrent, triumphantly striding over the roaring billows of the Atlantic. Already, where in use, it has reduced the distance one half between man and man, nation and nation, of extreme islands and continents of the habitable globe. It has brought civilization into immediate contact with barbarism, and Christianity with heathenism."

Then predicting an arms race as a result, he added: "The most extravagant predictions" in regard to this invention, would "fall short of reality," and "no matter what government first applies this invention to all its practical naval and military uses, other governments must follow, however reluctantly, or cease to exist."

Already this space reducing, power bestowing factor had touched and aroused the slumbering Chinese, and would soon reach the steppes of Russia. "Can the monarchies of Europe slumber in security," he asked, "whilst the immense Russian empire is thus centralizing and condensing its vast military resources and population at their backs? Never: their very existence must depend upon their resort to like means of defense and annoyance." If they failed they could "only wait with as much quietude as possible, to be gradually absorbed and finally swallowed up."

Nor was the United States longer safe behind the breadth of the Atlantic. Why the Atlantic had already become "a narrow frith, over which armies [could] be ferried in twelve or fifteen days." We too, must "suit the temper of the times" and "radiate our country with communications for defense [so] the whole war force of the nation may be thrown with railroad speed on any point of defense." So he urged "the gentlemen of Phi Beta Kappa" to face realities and to accept the demands of, what he called, "the law of human progress," required for our survival as a nation.

* * * * *

Then, as all the dangers which De Witt Clinton had seen in sectionalism brought the nation to Civil War in 1861, George W. Curtis asked the Harvard Chapter, "What are we fighting for? Why is the grief that bends over the young dead returning, so lofty and resigned?" His answer was simple. We were fighting "for the rescue and preservation" of "a government which by its lawful operation secures more justice, more liberty, more prosperity, and a more equal chance than could be hoped for from any other conceivable form."

And in this fight what was the scholar's obligation? "Gentlemen," he answered, "by the lurid light of this war we can read our duty plainly. We are to remember that in every free nation the public safety and progress requires a double allegiance—to the form and to the spirit of the government. By forgetting the spirit of our own, we have imperiled both its form and its existence. Therefore . . . let us vow, with the majesty of millions of consenting hearts and voices, that we will never again, God helping us, forget that the cause of the United States *is* the cause of human nature, and that the permanent life of the nation is the liberty of *all* its children."

* * * * *

The corruption in government and in business, which came with Reconstruction and the Grant Administrations, aroused the Phi Beta Kappa orator to heights of indignation and to a call on the scholar for new service. James Wells Patterson told the Dartmouth Chapter in 1875, of "the illiterate trickery or honest stupidity," which, "through the machinery of packed caucuses and conventions" party platforms made to "conform to prejudices not interests," and "electoral majorities . . . bought and sold like merchandise," had produced a situation in the United States worse than "the oligarchs had produced in Venice." He insisted that it was the duty of this "fraternity of scholars"

to restore and maintain the intellectual and moral elevation of the country. To which another, speaking to the chapter at the College of the Ciy of New York, a few years later added: "*Noblesse oblige* is graven over the entrance to every order like this of ours" and it is our duty . . . to insist upon a high and severe standard for the honor of public men."

* * * * *

Wendell Phillips, who was thought to be a bit too extreme for Phi Beta Kappa addresses in his early years, had to wait until 1881 for the chance to tell his Harvard friends what he thought of them. He wasted no time, however, when the chance came. "College bred men," he said, "should be agitators to tear a question open and riddle it with light and to educate the moral sense of the masses." Yet scholars had revealed few of the great truths about Society. They were a cowardly lot, given to half truths, and shrinking from agitation and contributing nothing towards the solution of the great social questions of the age. They had renounced the slavery crusade, spurned the prison reforms, ignored intemperance, and laughed at women's rights. He thought it was time for the scholar to fulfill his obligations, take sides with labor and women and "sit not, like the figure on our silver coin, ever looking backward."

* * * * *

Chicago's great James H. Tufts, speaking to the Washington University Chapter, in 1914, outlined the scholar's role in our *modern world* as one of investigation and social construction. The scholar should not only master his own values but should bring those values into the lives of others. He should provide the special knowledge needed to solve the social problems of the day. He should provide the specialized information for those who would improve the social environment, settle labor troubles and solve race questions. In an age when industrial complexity produces its complicated social problems, the scholar should be ready with sound information.

* * * * *

It would thus seem that it is the general consensus of opinion that the scholar's obligations are determined by the intellectual and social needs of his own day. He has been assumed to be capable of disinterested thinking; to be able to absorb, with profit, training and experience; and to provide something of perspective to thought. He has, therefore, been urged through the years to rise above what Emerson called "the exertions of mechanical skill," and to assume some responsibility for social-intellectual progress.

* * * * *

And so from this historical background I take my cue.

Applied to our own day and to the scholar of this generation, what peculiar service might modestly be expected from him? Let me suggest a few lines that it seems may reasonably be asked and given. Our world, as we all know, is a shrinking one and interdependence is everywhere on the increase. People, once at a comfortable distance, have become close neighbors with all their backwardness and unpleasant ways directly in our faces. Not only must we accept responsibility for seeing that their political systems are satisfactory to the free world but also that they secure enough of nationalism and economic improvements to keep them contented. We must understand other peoples, their problems and their ambitions as never before. But it is not a one-way road. These people see us and how we live, hear our talk and believe firmly that they know what we think and what we are. To make matters more difficult we, as a western power, have become heirs to all the suspicions and all the hatred which the English and French imperialism created through the centuries. The term "white man's burden" has acquired a new meaning. It can refer to the handicap of being white.

Never before has it been so unnecessary for Americans to be articulate —to be able to communicate with others, to explain ourselves to a skeptical world. Never before has any people possessed such magnificent media for communication. We can send a whisper around the earth. Yet anyone who has spent any time in the lands where we are so anxious to be understood, knows that we have failed tragically to speak in such a way as to carry conviction.

Back more than a hundred years ago Henry Thoreau wrote: "We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas: but Maine to Texas, it may be, have nothing of importance to communicate. Either is in such a predicament as the man who was earnest to be introduced to a distinguished deaf woman, but when he was presented, and one end of her trumpet was put into his hand, had nothing to say." I am afraid sometimes, that we are in the same predicament. The trumpet is most certainly in our hands, but we are not prepared to say what needs to be said in such a way as to be understood and to be sincerely believed. Our ability to communicate is low. Parents have lost communication with their children and the gap is widening. Government officials are out of touch with the people. There are only two or three commentators, who have free access to the airways, who are worth listening to. When you have named Ed Murrow, Huntley and Brinkley, Edward T. Morgan and Howard K. Smith, you have to begin casting around for others who are even worthy of mention. The *Voice of America*, with all its facilities and backing, has been more often misunderstood than it has been accepted at face value. You and I know that only a small percentage of Americans are imperially minded, and willing to see this nation reduce smaller peoples to a colonial status. Yet more than half the world is ready to believe

that we are. We are convinced of our complete innocence of selfish motives: yet there are few outside our borders who would grant that fact. I recently sat opposite an English newspaper man on a British Broadcasting Company program and heard him insist that American democracy was lip service and nothing more. He pointed to the Negro, to the rings that rule our cities, to the growing aristocracy of wealth that apes the worst that Europe offers; to the delight Americans feel when some American girl marries a shabby European title. All we Americans in reply could do was *to explain* and then explain and excuse some more.

Does the fault not lie, first, in *the fact that we do not really know ourselves;* and then in *the fact that we are not articulate?* Is not Professor Boorstin right when he insists that the only picture Americans heve ever had of themselves, is a negative one: *that we are not like Europe or Asia. Just what we are like we do not know* —and even where we think we know, we cannot clearly state the facts. If the American scholar owes anything to his day and age, something that is uniquely in his range, it might be found in an honest, clear-headed effort to go behind and beneath the surface of national assumptions and to come out with a balanced picture of ourselves as we really are. And second, to face the unpleasant fact of our inability to speak, as a people, in clear and convincing English.

* * * * *

The second suggestion that follows closely the first arises from the fact that the American scholar, better than any other, knows that, in this shrinking world of ours, other peoples who differ widely from us, may also *be civilized* and have something of value to offer others, including ourselves. Americans, with all the confidence gained from the material conquest of one of earth's richest continents—a conquest that happened to coincide with a century of world peace and the spread of a matchless technology, have somehow come to believe that we have discovered the *only patterns* by which human progress can be achieved. What we have done, others could do if they willed to do it. Our patience is short. Our tolerance is even shorter. What is different is, with us, necessarily inferior. We have become blind to universal values.

If we truly understood ourselves and *how we happen to be what we* are, we might begin to realize that others *ought not to be like us;* that, maybe, we have a deal to learn about civilization and being civilized; that others have a right to their own ways and that tolerance and humility may be as essential to world peace and progress, as the spread of our own cherished patterns. Peoples all over the world are, just now, in a strange and intoxicated mood of being their own perverted selves. It might be well for the scholar to point out the values in this, and the chance to learn as well as to teach.

* * * * *

Next, it seems to me that at a time when the problems confronting American education are under serious consideration, some intellectual who has chosen teaching as his profession should take it upon himself to tell the American people that there is a vast difference between *just going to college* and in being *educated.* Intelligence comes by effort to those who hunger and thirst after knowledge. It is not to be gotten by forcing youth to attend school until it achieves the habit of doing so, and goes on to college for no reason that has anything to do with the love of books or a desire to know how to think. You do not necessarily create an educated people by giving education away and merely encouraging the habit of going to school. Habit and little else has overcrowded our colleges and forced them to become places socially attractive to young people who, when they get there, must spend much of their time on outside activities and in entertaining the public. To concentrate on study and to seek out the finer things of the spirit now marks one as a grind or, at least, a misguided individual*

I sympathize deeply with the boy, who on receiving membership in Phi Beta Kappa at my university expressed his regret that studies had caused him to miss the personal rewards which the university offered.

I am not surprised that an alarmed public now takes note of how few really talented young people enter the academic field. I had to learn from the porter at an English University that the word "Professor" placed before the name on my luggage would add to the respect and favors I would receive as a traveller in the Kingdom. It was a new experience.

All I can say to the American public is that as long as the university professor is first required to create an interest in learning among those who sit before him, there will be no great lure in teaching. It is fine to stimulate an interest in a subject where eagerness already exists and to suggest fruitful approaches to those anxious to find them, but it is a deadly experience to daily face those who have been sent to college or who are there from habit and a desire to postpone a little longer the disagreeable task of making a living.

I would, therefore, insist that national maturity, implies a recognition of the value of thought, of intellectual training, of a knowledge of something other than techniques. It is as true in the international field as it is in the personal, that where the blind lead the blind, they may end up in the same ditch.

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*I recently gave the honors day address at a Midwestern University. The President of the institution told me that it was difficult to get the honor students to attend their own convocation because it was such a shame to pretend that scholarship was actually honored at his university. Honors, he said, went to other activities, and everyone knew it.

And lastly, I might suggest that today, as in few periods of human history, there is need for men who can see clearly and think courageously. We are in one of those dramatic periods, scattered through time, when revolutionary thought and the release of a new energy have thrust men's bodies forward into a strange new age in which old institutions, old relationships and old values have largely lost their validity. Our bodies have been pushed forward into the era created by atomic energy and the internal combustion engine while our minds have been left behind, encumbered by old patterns, to attempt, somehow, to close the gap. "Scientific discoveries and inventions" threaten "Social progress" as never before. To put it bluntly, we are faced with the job of rethinking our way out of one age into another and finding anew the stability and security essential for survival. Our old ideas of nationalism must be adjusted to the fact of an interdependence which embraces the earth. We have no other choice. Our economic order must face the hard cold fact that plenty and hunger can no longer live together in security on a shrunken planet. Thinking, based on the old concept that this little speck of dust on which we live is the center of the universe, will not satisfy the spiritual needs of men who live in the age of the galaxies. Ignorance and indifference cannot remove the embarrassment and terror which has come with the "Freudian probe" into the abyss within man himself. Those who are forced to live in growing intimacy with varied races and religions and continental blocs, must learn more than the A.B.C.'s of understanding other men. Serious, uncomfortable thinking has become a necessity for survival. Nature has never shown kindness nor forgiveness to those creatures who do not readily adjust to new environments.

Yet it is never easy for men who have lived under traditional institutions, who have accepted existing relationships as fixed and satisfactory, and who have acquired positive notions of what is good and what is bad, to accept the fact that these things have lost their authority. The normal reaction is one of confusion, anger, and fear. Only hard facts, intelligently stated, can in time ease the inevitable transition. Here again the scholar can accept Emerson's suggestion, and shoulder the responsibility "to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amid appearances. . . . And whatever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing events of today—this he shall hear and promulgate."

So, if the scholar in days gone by was under obligation to face with honesty and courage the problems of his day, most certainly those who live in times when the choice is between survival or destruction, are under even greater obligation to serve. Amid the confusion and dangers of a world in transition, necessity has pushed the intellectual forward into places of responsibility as never before in our history. The terms "brain truster" and "egg-head" have gone out of existence. Being a Harvard man is an amusing jest, but it does not raise political bars. So with added opportunity goes added responsibility and a frightening demand for competence.

Few scholars will hold high office but those who can speak with authority can do much in shaping public opinion. They can give perspective to American thinking and they can point out to the peoples of Asia and Africa, obsessed by hatred of colonialism, that the United States began this whole business of throwing off mother countries and beginning the experiment in self-rule. We are, as a matter of cold fact, earth's best example of how a people may rise from inferior colonial status to a respected place among the nations of the world. We can proudly point out to those who denounce the weaknesses and injustice of the captialistic system that from the days of Thomas Jefferson to those of Ignatius Donnelly, Woodrow Wilson, and the Roosevelts, we have been fighting those evils and winning our fight. In fact we have so altered the character of capitalism that Karl Marx, himself, would not recognize it. We have gone so far that John Birch advocates and many Southern Republicans cannot see how the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations differ from communism.

But the scholar can do more. He and he alone can usher in the day when the "sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectations of the world with something better than the exhibitions of mechanical skill." For the scholar's realm is the realm of ideas. And in that realm the great conflicts of human history have been decided. They have had to do with values, not with interests. Material and military strength have never yielded more than temporary victory. Ideas, alone, in subtle competition, have determined the course of civilization. And no nation is truly strong that cannot enjoy the luxury of self-criticism. It will live, not because it has silenced the dissidents, but because it has come to believe through the tolerance of ideas, that its values, however imperfect, are the best its people have to offer. The nation and the locality thus owes its scholars that confidence and respect which guarantees a maximum of freedom, and the scholar, in turn, owes the nation and the locality a maximum of courageous and independent thought.

If this be true, then I have not met my obligations until I have asked what the South of today owes its scholars and what the Southern scholar, in turn, owes his locality. I would put it this way: Our section, after a long delay, has at last decided to enter the Modern World of cities, factories, capitalists, and labor. We want to share in the flesh-pots so long

(Continued on page 23)

Justification for the Laws of the State as Presented in *Richard II* and *Crito*

by Harold Looney

The predominant theme in *Richard II* and *Crito* is the role the citizen should take in the affairs of the state. Neither Shakespeare nor Plato directly states rules regarding the proper functioning of a state, as does Machiavelli in *The Prince*, when he goes to the task of writing do's and don'ts for successful rulers, but instead, they use an individual or individuals to represent a disorder within society. The outcome of the problem involving these characters presents their philosophy regarding the state. By this negative approach, both men present their views on justification of the law and the proper relationship of the citizen to the state.

The characters in *Richard II* and *Crito* who present the disorder in society are Henry Bolingbroke and Crito. They are both in a mental state of inquiry regarding their course of action when the state presents them with an apparent injustice. Both are advised by men representing wisdom to take stock of themselves and regard the injustice of their proposed action. The primary difference lies in the fact that Crito took the advice of Socrates and saw the mistake of his intended deed, whereas Henry Bolingbroke disregarded the advice of John of Gaunt, representing the wisdom acquired by years, and undertook his act of injustice.

The people of Shakespeare's generation had been under the rule of Richard II, directly bearing the brunt of his oppression, not necessarily needing this play to remind them of the evils they had suffered. This play must have brought back thoughts of his catering to flatterers, his indecisiveness, and his blundering administration.

Even after this, they were shocked when he was dethroned and murdered in prison. The Bishop of Carlisle gives the tone of the society when he speaks at the deposition scene regarding the idea of divine right:

> And shall the figure of God's majesty,
> His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
> Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
> Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
> And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
> That in a Christian climate souls refined
> Should show no heinous, black, obscene a deed!

The struggle between Richard and Bolingbroke is generally regarded as the unifying principle of the plot. Here we have both the protagonist, Richard, manifoldly guilty of misrule, and antagonist, Bolingbroke, wronged, righteous, and above all, a worthy opponent. It is significant that Bolingbroke is presented as such a noble character, giving us possibly a clue to Shakespeare's philosophy of kingship. Had Shakespeare whole-heartedly agreed with the idea of divine right, he probably would have presented Bolingbroke as a ruthless, worldly man, interested primarily in his own political gain, and also, he would have presented Richard as a basically good man, not entirely deserving of the way in which he was treated.

Because of the actual characterization in the first part of *Richard II*, I believe that Shakespeare has digressed a bit from the divine-right theory and is attempting to present his own philosophy regarding the state by having the King fall as the pretender rises. It could be that Shakespeare would only approve of rebellion in a case of unbearable tyranny, but never approve of deposition.

Bolingbroke arouses sympathy by the method which Richard uses to banish him, and later, by seizing his inheritance as an excuse for his Irish Wars. Bolingbroke is unjustly wronged and given an excuse to come out of exile to claim his rights as an Englishman.

> Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
> A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
> Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
> To upstart unthrifts?

In the second part of *Richard II*, Shakespeare does an about-face in the characterization of Richard and Bolingbroke. Starting with the deposition scene, Bolingbroke appears as a hard man of facts, able to manipulate men in his own interest. His actions are not dictated by passion or emotions, but by clever state-craft. For instance, the death penalty is given to Bushy, Bagot and Green, not because of actions they have taken

against his person, but to prevent these friends of the king from directing later repercussions toward this *coup d'etat*. Bolingbroke has taken the law into his own hands, and our sympathy is drawn away from him to Richard.

Bolingbroke attacks the very pinnacle of the law when he retaliates against Richard and attempts to overthrow the existing order of society. The fact that our feeling toward Richard changes after the *coup d'etat* indicates Shakespeare's denial of the rightness of the deed and suggests that a grave injustice has been committed; more than the banishment to which Bolingbroke was subjected.

We feel sympathy toward Richard because of his followers, his queen, and the stout Bishop Carlisle, and because he has reached the place where he is truly repentant and humble.

> What must the king do now? must he submit?
> The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
> The king shall be contended: must he lose
> The name of king? O God's name, let it go:
> I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
> My gorgeous palace for a hermitage.

The moment of truth comes when the Bishop of Carlisle gives his stirring warning:

> The blood of England shall manure the ground,
> And future ages groan for this foul act.

Although Bolingbroke does not take a part in the planning or the execution of Richard's murder, we are led to feel that he is behind Exton's cruel and bloody act. Richard is gentle, Bolingbroke is hard. Richard's outburst of righteous wrath and energy at the close, when Exton is trying to slay him is entirely satisfying:

> That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
> That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
> Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own land.
> Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
> Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

The change in characterization is now complete, and we are loyal to Richard and realize that Shakespeare, politically, is a Tudor Protestant to the core. We begin to think that possibly in the exchange of Bolingbroke for Richard, we have a case of the kettle calling the pot black.

Perhaps Shakespeare did not approve of the methods which Richard adopted to run the affairs of state, but we also realize that he was against Bolingbroke's individualistic attitude and attempt at disregarding the law and the establishment of a new regime. What then, is the reason for the reversal in characterization of the two men?

I believe the answer lies in the fact that Shakespeare felt that the law was supreme, to be molested by no man unless he were willing to change the entire tone and thinking of society regarding the law. Even though Bolingbroke was dealt an apparent injustice, it was his duty to accept his banishment for the sake of the state in general unless he were willing to effect such a change.

Much the same problem faces Crito regarding an apparent injustice which he feels the state is inflicting upon Socrates. Socrates is calmly awaiting a ship from Delos, upon whose arrival his death will come, when Crito enters after bribing a prison guard, and offers Socrates a chance to escape. He proposes to Socrates that he should leave, because he (Crito) will lose a friend who cannot be replaced, and because people who do not know them will believe that Socrates could have been helped by his friends, but was not.

Socrates, by a manner of questions, convinces Crito that he is wrong in offering him a chance to escape penalty, and proposes the position every citizen should take in regard to the law.

The first problem discussed by the pair concerns the opinion of the many. As stated previously, Crito fears accusations from people who do not know them. Socrates explains that majority does not make a thing right, but only the opinion of good men is worth considering, and he says the many cannot make a man foolish or wise, and all it does is by chance.

Crito then argues that Socrates should not betray his life when he can be saved, and play right into the hands of his enemies, nor should he desert his family and children by being unwilling to persevere to the end in their nurture and education. If he does so, Crito claims he will be taking the easy way out, by throwing virtue, which is the core of his being, to the winds, and bringing the reproach of cowardice on his friends.

Socrates, having convinced Crito that only the opinions of certain men count, says that he still honors the principles which he honored beforehand, and no manner nor degree of punishment can make him change, unless better principles were found. He refuses to accept Crito's plan to escape on the grounds that the law should first be upheld, irregardless of personal well-being, because laws were made, presumably, by good men, and his own acceptance of them is evidenced by his residence in Athens for seventy years. Furthermore, Socrates says that one's body is all that is destroyed by evil, and that if life is worth living, it must be for the higher part of man, which is improved by justice and depraved by injustice. He, therefore, feels that the sole purpose in life is to be a good man to the greatest possible extent, and this returning evil for evil as Crito suggests, violates his first principle; that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. The acceptance of Crito's plan would mean acceptance of the "morality of the many," and constitute

(Continued on page 25)

From his office vantage point, Mr. Sam Moyer supervises activities in the new music building.

WOFFORD'S RENAISSANCE

By Blease Graham

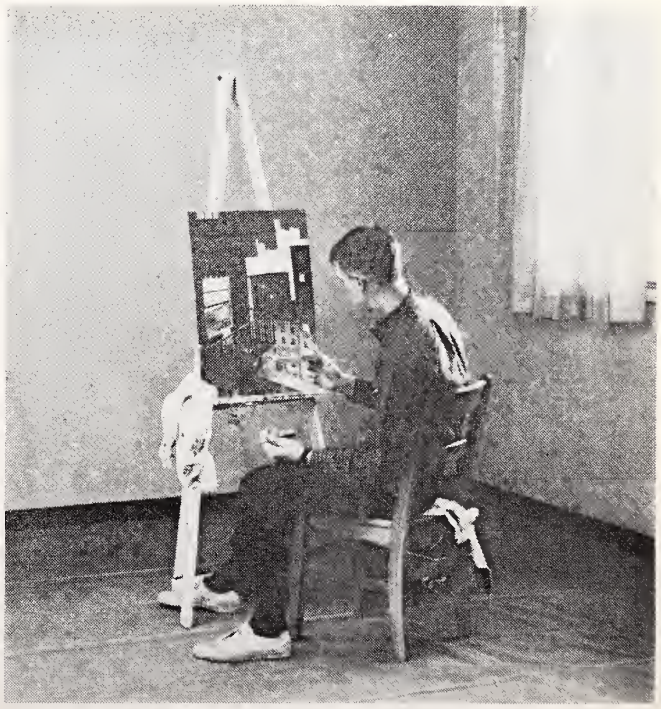
To the non-knowing individuals who ride on North Church Street or Memorial Drive or who ambulate on either of the above or in the Memorial Auditorium parking lot or on Wofford Campus, a view of the outward structure of the old Black Science Hall entails the same images of years past. Generally, attention is shifted in the direction of the magnificently renovated Main Building or the fast rising new dormitory beyond it. But the observant, keen mind is jolted to note spanking new screens, painted gutters, and new, shiny brass door implements bedecking outer old Black. "Funny," thoughts proceed, "why all this fancying up with Milliken to my rear? Must no longer be a science hall." The alert one begins to advance to satisfy his question; the blanketed one crosses campus to the new dorm site, probably to slip in the mud. To his surprise, alert one notes that Black Science Hall, as such, is no more. But what?

Years ago alert Wofford leaders and a Methodist Board research evaluating group became acutely aware of shortage of opportunities for cultural enrichment of Wofford men and of opportunities for them to contribute to the cultural life of the Spartanburg community. The lack was mainly caused by shortages of proper housing and furnishings. Finances is a term synonymous with materials needed, and Wofford leaders looked at a strained budget, and then looked elsewhere. Approximately seven years ago, upon request of Wofford President Pendleton Gaines, the Spartanburg County Foundation granted the college $25,000 to become a gift if it could be shortly matched with an equal amount of money. Very little pompousness accompanied the offer. Mrs. Montgomery of the Foundation simply called and informally said, "It's yours!" The Foundation looked upon cultured "Wofford Gentlemen" on Glee Club tours as proper ambassadors from the city and community and were joyed to make the contribution, but with the stipulation of having a matching contribution from the college within twenty-four months. The obligation was quickly served for within thirteen months several mill firms in the Greenville and Spar

Glee Club members eagerly use the rehearsal room as Fred Henry pretends to play the fifteen-year-old Steinway.

tanburg areas, along with private individuals gave, and gave generously, and the additional $25,000 was gathered. Interest accumulated between the time of acquisition and expenditure for the actual building materials. The accrued interest bought much of the internal furniture, such as pianos, in the new building. Thus, alert one noted that old Black Science Hall has become a new cultural center for the college.

But why the long delay, you may ask, for by now, as one alert, your interest should be whetted? College officials were not exactly sure how much $50,000 plus interest would do. First, a new, separate building was thought of, but this plan was abandoned or temporarily shelved un-



Tom Zepp looks professional as he paints industriously in the new art room.

Sam Watson displays typical student enthusiasm as he practices voice.

Spontaneous groups as The Sons of Ben often arise from spontaneous musical interests.

til the entire plan of physical expansion for the college could be determined. Second, efforts were being concentrated elsewhere, for Old Main was down, a little more ramshacked than before, as efforts to reconstruct it were in full progress. Black Science Hall saw yeoman service as a classroom building: it was a science annex until Milliken Science Hall was completed; it was a classroom building while Old Main was out of service; it was a summer school classroom building until the fall of 1961. Meanwhile the decision had been made against a new building and in favor of using the shell of Black as the basic form for the new construction. Part of the delay was this one and one-half year wait for enforced classroom occupation to end. Other obstacles being resolved, with $50,000 the task of renovation fell upon our indomitable Mr. Currie who made real the dreams of many through his competent supervision of the project. He handled the manpower, the architecture, and the purchase of construction materials. From the end of summer school until Christmas vacation of last year, he worked for completion. Mr. Sam Moyer thought Santa Claus a special friend as he moved his wares into his new edifice during last year's Christmas Vacation.

And what resulted?—a new "temple of Culture" complete with equipment and usable throughout. Studies of music and art require equipment and instruments, as brushes and pianos; in some areas notebooks and pencils are sufficient, but not here. There are practice rooms and a rehearsal room and a music library and a storage room and even a kitchenette in the internal room structure. The practice rooms contain Hamilton and Everett vertical pianos. Other musical instruments are practiced here and these rooms double as listening rooms with the presence of record players. In the rehearsal room sits a fifteen year old Steinway style piano. The music library utilizes a numerical cataloging system to house many individual scores of music in steel cabinets. The training room for music and art houses a splendid, expensive stereophonic set including a Garrard Type A turntable, a Pilot amplifying system, and two Omega I speakers. A complete Music Master Series is available for use. It includes a narrated autobiography of almost every composer from Bach to Tchaikovsky. Mr. Moyer advises students headed to concerts to "pre-brief themselves to know better what's up" at the event they attend. The projection room is a functional treat to notice: there is a 35mm filmstrip projector and a Kodak "Carrousel" automatic and remote control slide projector.

And are these facilities used? Mr. Moyer reports a constant use. Every day something goes on. On some days when students are freest, the building is actually crowded; every spot is employed. The facility enables a man to exploit any talent he may have, be it reeds, voice, piano or such.

The building represents the culmination of a strong desire for Mr. Moyer for such a delightful plant, painfully absent during his fifteen years at the college. He describes it as "not lavish, but adequate." The professor is really an excited man.

The building seems valuably situated for a public relations function. There are not great numbers of ways a male college can endear itself to a community. The students study a bit and tend to socialize—across town or state. Not often are there attempts from the male to offer his cultural side to the community. However, possibilities now exist for something to be done.

Particularly, Mr. Moyer points to an increased emphasis upon art. Orientation for the art program points to the future. Attempts are being made to schedule many showings, such as college exhibits from the art department of the University of Tennessee. Also on a circulating basis the best possible paintings will be brought in on exhibition. With proper safeguards, works of outstanding painters, both copies and originals, will be collected for consideration. They will be arranged to emphasize one painter at a time. By keeping the bulk of material down the Art room will seem less confusing and more educational. Circulating galleries like the possibility for special attention. The Art room itself deserves special mention. It is located just across from the Planetarium so that spectators can be lifted from the heavens to symbolic depths within a twenty-foot radius. Extra funds for the room were donated by Mrs. Milliken, and it gets special attention from her. Even at the time of this writing, she is in New York City exerting feelers to art dealers and collectors of her acquaintance to procure stimulating paintings for showing. Too, the Spartanburg Art Guild, various Camera Clubs of the city, and a privately operated ceramics industry of two Wofford students plan to allow public inspection of their works. To augment the study of art, a collection of five to six hundred slides of the world's most outstanding paintings are available for classroom use.

Mr. Moyer is still hard at work shifting furniture here, adjusting acoustical problems there. He proudly anticipates wall to wall carpeting in the recital room, soon to be a show place for the city. He stresses that every ounce of effort invested in the building was worth it. The magnificence of the new structure and its usefulness to the city and to students make it a valuable campus asset. Opportunities for cultural advancement have been reborn here. Art and music will become increasingly innate in the hypothetical "Wofford Gentleman."

A now bare recital room gives hint of magnificent things to come.

A Song of Life

Canto I

I sing to God a song of life;
A song of love, of joyous strife;
A song of pain, a song of youth;
A song of changing, changeless truth.
And some will here and come to me,
And hear and come and sing with me.
We'll sing together, they and I,
Our souls beneath a cloudless sky.
O hear you now and come to me;
For joy of life loves company.
Not for long I'll sing alone,
Not long alone I'll be;
Some there are who'll quit their zone
Around the money tree.
Around the money tree
Around the pleasure tree
Around the honey tree
Around the treasure tree.
Around morality
Around depravity
Around hypocrisy
Around absurdity.
Around the famous tree
The dreadful disillusion tree
Around the ignoramus tree
Around the institution tree.
Around the happy tree
Around humanity
Around the crappy tree
Around insanity.

Some there are who sane will be—
Too few, 'tis true, who sane will be,
And leave their post around the tree
Around the ugly luring tree.
We stand and laugh, sane souls and I—
We stand and laugh, we dare not cry.
To cry would be to soon ally
Ourselves with them in their deep gloom,
To make for us a sordid tomb:
A tomb of planks made of wood;
Of wood from trees, of their dead wood.
We stand and laugh, and laugh so much
The tears pour down in streams and such—
In streams and such we cannot hide;
In streams and floods forever wide.
And still we laugh, and still we sing
And louder sing, more joy to bring,
To break into these hardened hearts—
Those common senseless hardened hearts:
Twisting, turning, writing, fraught
With cares and jeers, and all for naught—
And all for naught, the end for these
Lies somewhere just around the trees.

by

Sam Watson

ON TESTS

or

THE PUSH FOR KNOWLEDGE

Bill Ebert

One of the fears I've had of school and tests is the probability or possibility of what would be classified as "another sneaky trick by the administration." At the onset of classes after exams the professor would calmly walk into class and with no further warning than "sharpen your pencils" hand out another test on the same subject. I have never quite gotten over this fear after the new term is well under way, but by that time the mid-terms are upon me and, just as I have almost shaken it, these tests bring back the onslaught of renewed fears. After all the financial importance that is put on exams one might get to wondering if the possibility might not occur. This fear strikes me the hardest as I walk out of one exam after another having just puked my recently swallowed dinner of information into the heave bag of an exam and noticed the green faces of my fellow classmates straining to bring up that last little bit of residue of information that is stubborn and sticks. I then tip-toe up and quietly lay my heave-bag on the table and hold my breath until I'm out of sight and sound of the professor, afraid that he may call me back and (with a small chuckle) hand me another test and force me into a state of dry heaves.

The exams though, are only the bowl that I try to hit, it's that gorged supper and the marathon afterward that are the core of the upheaval. It is brought on by the coming of tests and has brought with it the finest development and perfection of one of the college's minor sports, what may be called "The Roman Food Orgy and The Marathon Race." Some of the more serious minded of the participants usually prepare themselves for the event by stuffing themselves with all sorts of goodies that are found, surprisingly enough, between the covers of their lunch-boxes that they have been carrying around with them all semester. The sport is run off something like this, in two parts:

The first part precedes the second necessarily, and it is called the word-eating contest (similar to the summer water-eating contest). Usually at an arbitrary time, sometime between the first and second night before the start, the student takes his place behind the desk. The second part stems from the first, and it's hard to tell at the beginning which is which. It is the marathon race. There seem to be two big goals, one for each part, the first being how many words, facts, figures, dates, names, theories, outlines, etc., one can stuff into the gullet or into the jaws and head, and the second being to hold all this down for the next 24-48 hours without sleeping, passing out, or being caught napping and still be in condition to finish the race and still regurgitate the appropriate information at the scheduled time. This is similar to the dash from the big house to the little house in the dead of the winter with six feet of snow on the ground: you've got to go but you don't want to.

The amount of stuffing that goes on may help to explain why one sees so many sagging faces and jaws, sunken eyeballs and mumbling students at test time. The ones with the sunken faces and eyeballs have recently crossed the finish line, regurgitating the proper information in the prepared receptacles, and their heads are hollow and cheeks relaxed after the mass of information has been emitted. The mumblers are those who have filled back up in the word-eating part and are getting ready for the next dash for the bowl.

WARNING: Beware of the mumblers, they may explode on you at anytime and without warning, or make a mad dash for either a fellow classmate or classroom or teacher.

This sport brings out some particular types of participants; let us note in passing some of the unburnt freshmen. There are two types of freshman sportsmen that are noteworthy. The first are the ones who seem to get great delight in participating in the marathon part which requires only such skills as talking, swatting flies, figuring sleep deprivation schedules and keeping tabs on the guy next door to see who's ahead or to catch him sleeping. The other type shows no interest at all in the marathon but is quite adept in goody-gobbling or information gathering and is apt to barf all over you from either too much cramming or for fiendish delight.

Upperclassmen have their own way. For example, there is the upperclassman who has played the game for some time and who is a real trouper; he can, after twelve hours of good sleep, give the appearance that he hasn't slept since he got to school and thus duly impressing both fellow-classmates and underclassmen. There is another interesting character: he is found usually where some of the more talented participants of sport are throwing on each other little tid-bits of goodies. This type, with an air of authority and intelligence, asks a couple of pertinent ques-

(Continued on page 25)

To the Memory of our Dear Departed

Great was the yelling,
  Thunder the roar,
As harder they pounded,
  "Break down the chapel door."

Quiet the campus
  The thunder disturbed,
Inside the uproar
  No student deferred.

Burst forth the saga
  Down the chapel steps
Charged they to lockers
  Where voodoos were kept.

Like ripples from splash
  Through the campus they charged,
Returned they like rats
  By the barrier barged.

No man a leader,
  They all had a role;
Some fixed the scaffold,
  Some dug the hole.

Some cheered quite loudly,
  Some rang the gong,
All faces were happy,
  They'd waited too long.

Those who had found him
  Grabbed him with glee,
But he struggled and cried
  At the sight of the tree.

by

Bill Ebert

He promised them women,
  He promised them wine;
He promised to keep
  All his usual line.

But nought would dissuade them
  As closer they came,
For vengeance is sweet
  And Freedom is Fame.

Fear struck the faces
  Of faculty there,
As the Dean of Everything
  Was strung in the air.

And great was their vengeance,
  And great was their fame;
But greater still,
  Was the man and his name.

So now once a year
  Like lambs to the fold,
They file into chapel
  And this story told.

How some wanted freedom
  From responsible care,
And some wanted nothing
  But just to be there.

Yet none were fanatics
  All were quite sane,
But none were quite men
  To feel life's pain.

The scaffold still stands there,
  The rope and the grave,
A statue marks his place
  But none for the knave.

Great Angels

For all the great angels
  And all that they've got,
It's I, a poor sinner
  Being something I'm not.

Betwixt all the shouting
  Between all the prayers,
Is there one other fellow,
  A someone who cares?

Below the wise scholars
  Behind all the teaching
There must be just one man
  Who just isn't preaching.

I'm not really a satan
  (Though I have a good time);
Still—there's that within me
  That's looking for mine.

I mean something that's here
  Alive and worthwhile,
Not a rusty old sermon
  Pulled out of a file.

Nor mid-week parading
  Of feelings not there,
Just one modern thinker
  And one modern prayer.

Not stuffed down the gullet,
  Told how I should feel,
But please—Good God!—
  Give me something that's real!

A Time Called . . . Someday

The storm broke near dusk. The winds to the west scattered the clouds and permitted feeble rays of sunlight to reflect a lifeless rainbow through the heavy mist across the valley and behind the distant mountains.

No sooner had the rain ceased than Manduero could be seen climbing *La Pyrimide*, as he called the highest mountain in western Cuba. He was a timeless stereotype of an old Cuban *guajiro*: imbued with the wisdom of his forefathers, yet aware of pain and disillusion; worn by time, emaciated by years; respected and admired, despite faltering age and a simple life. The mountain was his back yard. He climbed it often. Once on top, a panoramic view would always greet him. The mild sunlight seemed to echo an eternal spring and serenity upon the valley. The space beyond the distant mountains was to him a limbo to cast all bitterness, all infirmities of mind, all antipathies to life out of his soul. Upon leaving he would be purged and replenished. Then the mountain was a citadel and a panacea. It was to him a refuge and a chapel. For fifty years

it had been his pacifier and his reliever.

But this time, it was only a mountain, only a place for a better view. He was on the narrow plateau vainly searching for a thin trail of smoke from a farmhouse, for haggard soldiers tramping through the fields, or maybe a rifle shot, a cry of agony, a cry to advance.

The old one vividly remembered 1898, the hill at San Juan, and his intense hatred and vowed revenge as he helped carry his wounded and dying uncle from the hill to the rescue station. There his uncle was one of many, and for an impressionable lad of fifteen, the atmosphere of wounded and dying men, of pollution and defeat, was one that seared his memory. The concept of war brought back the indelible picture of grimness at the station. Yet, as he grew older, his bitterness sweetened with the passage of time and slipped in the oblivion of his tender years.

Once again, circumstance threatened to rekindle an old, repressed memory. The old one had heard rumors: "From Mexico—a band of men are gathering in the foothills east of here. They have about 50 . . . 75 . . . 200 . . . more are joining every day. In a few weeks they will have force to revolt." But surely Batista is not worried. The revolters will either lose enthusiasm or be quelled. Their dreams of victory will fade.

Then came the word of a successful raid on a small town, of a railroad station that had been burned. Word also arrived that Havana dismissed it with a shrug. But the embryo of revolution had reached out to grasp an arsenal or a train or a rifle. The old one's Cuba was in a din of revolution.

A cold, hard wind swept through the old one as he stood scanning the darkening horizon to catch a glimpse of this turmoil. But it was futile; he neither could see nor hear any sign.

The old one had to know if such a thing was brewing. He had to warn those disillusioned by the glory of victory not only about the humility and wisdom of defeat, but also of the agony of killing and being killed and of the legendary Four Horsemen. He had to spread the word and deter them from the torture and the insanity of war—for he knew all too well.

There was a sudden flash of lightning and a lingering belch of thunder in the distance. The lightning made the old man realize how dark it had become. His sight was now useless and the wind made hearing also useless. There was no reason to remain any longer. Slowly he turned and walked away. For the first time he left his mountain unsure, afraid, apprehensive.

The atmosphere was cold and dark on the mountain that night, but as he rounded the last bend of the twisting path, a warm, friendly light greeted him from the kitchen of his hut. His house, like himself, had seen its better years. It was leaning and leaking; it had degenerated with the stormy rains of winter and the infernal heat of summer. Yet, it was home, and it was comfort. He could see the outline of his wife standing in the doorway. She, too, was like the house and the old man. In spite of her rich supply of years, however, she still maintained the jovial, talkative nature of her younger years. Even though she nagged him occasionally, she gave him her all. She asked only a part of the old one's life, and gave in return her heart and soul completely. Their life together was one of material indigence but of mental bliss. Through the years two children had been given them, a young man, Manuel, who attended school in Havana, and an older daughter, Juanita, who was married and had a son of her own.

Pero, the grandson, stayed at his grandfather's most of the time. He was filled with the love of a boy for his idol and the old one shared this love.

Pero leaped from behind the chicken coop and confronted his grandfather. "Grandpa! You been on the mountain again!" His huge eyes had the sparkle of childhood, each one almost capable of conveying a flow of silent words.

"Yes, Pero. But it was too dark to see anything."

The boy looked upward and asked, "Why do you go there?"

The old one thought for a brief moment how to tell the young boy but his efforts were to no avail. Pero had disappeared inside.

His wife stepped onto the wooden porch. "Manduero, did you see anything from the mountain? I saw a neighbor today in the village while you were gone and she told me that soldiers arrested a group of students in Havana for starting a riot. Do you think Manuel could be one? Would he do that you think?"

"No, Joaguin, I do not think Manuel would rebel. He loves Cuba too well."

"Come and eat Manduero; the fish are still warm."

Each evening after a simple meal, the old one would sit on the porch beneath the two huge trees that, during the summer, would be quietly blown by the soft winds from the sea. Between the clashing of pans from the inside the constant droning of insects around him was the enjoyable part of day. Such times as these he would remember. Such times as these he would sit and listen or take a short walk to the village and talk with his friends. Tonight he was tired. Had it not been for Pero, he would have fallen quite asleep.

"Grandpa, come and see my fire," whispered the voice of Pero at the old one's feet, "I am waiting for the Bearded One to attack us!"

The old one could not help but smile at the imagination of the child but he could not recall his own. He slowly got up, ran his brown, wrinkled fingers through Pero's light colored hair, and followed him to his fire.

"Well, Pero, where did you find the dry wood?"

"I keep some under the house for

(Continued on page 24)

A GREAT DAY FOR BLOSSOM-VIEWING

by Don Greiner

"He used to be happy in the old days." At least that's what J. D. was saying. He was saying that he could remember when none of us actually gave a damn. "We weren't apathetic," he was saying. He was saying that he remembered when we had all those parties. "And Selmo had made a sign saying, 'We're not apathetic . . . We just don't give a damn'. He used to carry it to every party," J. D. was saying. "And during the day Selmo would keep that sign in his room at Pete's pad. It wasn't a very big sign—just a regular one. But it certainly caught attention," J.D. was saying. "And Pete liked it too." (Pete was Selmo's father, but we never called him "Pete.")

And I remember all those things, too. It seems like so many years ago. But it really wasn't. We used to do things like that. Selmo and J.D. and me. We were looking for the answer. Everywhere. And people would say, "The answer to what?" And we didn't know then. The problem of man, I guess. And they called us crazy. We told them not to worry about us. We'd get along somehow. And we have.

And then J.D. was saying again how Selmo used to be happy-go-lucky and not give a damn. "But he must be changing," J.D. was saying. He was saying that Selmo had become disillusioned or something. "He wrote Pete about it all. Something's bothering the boy," he was saying. He was saying that Selmo had come upon a barrier or something up there in Blacksburg where he was in school. "He never used to worry about that," J.D. was saying.

And I heard about it, too. Worries about life and school and everything. At least that's what Pete was saying. But the big trouble was, I think, that Selmo was giving up. Oh, I don't mean giving up forever, never to take another forward step again or something like that. But just giving up for the moment. Or not giving up. but thinking about doing so.

"And that isn't like Selmo," J.D. was saying.

And I knew it wasn't, too.

And so did Pete.

So Pete called me. Said that Selmo was coming home for the holiday. Said that he would send him over. Said that he wanted him to talk to me.

And I smiled and said, "O.K."

I almost wasn't there to begin with, so I just about missed it completely. We were all home for Thanksgiving, and it wasn't even cold. The Christmas lights were up in the main shopping section of town.

"Been up for three weeks," someone said.

"Yeah," I answered.

But we were having a pizza and beer party that night and I was getting ready to shave. Then Selmo drove up. He parked his MG behind the patio and entered the house by the sun-room door. Cam lay there wagging her tail and barking, but Selmo didn't stop.

"Be out in a minute," I yelled. I was busy feeling that instant shaving action from that gooey mess which was destroying harmful bacteria on my face.

Selmo didn't answer. I heard him walk across the living room to the kitchen. He must have opened a beer because he had one in his hand when he walked back to my room.

"It's good to see you," I said.

"Well, it's good to see you," he said.

"Nice of you to say that," I said.

"Well, hell," he said, "It's good to be able to say that. I'm going to quit school."

I didn't say anything.

"Did you hear me? I'm either going to quit school or else find the largest, biggest, lousiest, most fantastically huge damn college in the whole universe and bury myself." He threw his head back for a big swallow and plopped down on the bed.

"Did you hear me?" he asked again as he watched me draw blood on my chin.

"Damn it," I said, splashing cold water on the cut. "I hear you."

Selmo rolled over on his back and put his feet on the pillow. He groaned and took another swallow. "You want one?"

"What?"

"A swallow."

"Nope." I was now starting on the left side of my face. "Why do you want to quit? You running away?"

"Yes . . . No." He drank again. "We've tried that before. It doesn't work."

"You're damn right, it doesn't work," I said turning to look at him. "You always end up in the same stupid mess. Remember Chicago?"

"I remember," he said, staring at the wall. "You got a spot on your wall. You know that?"

"Shaving lotion," I answered. "Threw a bottle of it at my little brother. Missed him." I looked back to the mirror.

Selmo turned over again.

"What's the matter then?" I asked.

"I'm just fed up to here with everything," he said, pointing to his throat. He took a swallow. "People are so positively no damn good that I can't stand it any longer. I've got to get out or give up." He lit a cigarette and blew out the smoke in a cloud.

"Do you think you can get out?" I asked. I splashed the last traces of lather off my face and picked up a towel. "Do you *really* think you can get out? Do you really believe for even one minute that you can escape it all, absolutely and positively?"

"I don't know," he said. "I used to think so . . . no! Hell, no. That's why I'm going to quit school and bury myself."

"Like an ostrich?"

"Yeah. Like a stupid ostrich. Let me tell you about school." He took the last swallow and began bending the can. "I always hate the last swallow." He rolled over on his back again and stared at that spot on the wall. I threw down the towel and moved over to sit on the desk.

"There's this one Professor," he said. "There's this one lousy professor who acts as if we were first graders or something." Selmo put out his cigarette in the folded can. "This character assigns us a book to read."

"What's wrong with that?" I asked. "A lot of professors do that. In fact, most . . ."

"Nothing's wrong with that," he yelled. "Nothing. But this character assigns us a book and then in class he asks who killed who on page 39, and why Susy run off with Johnny and that kind of stupid rot. And anybody, anybody who can read can figure out that."

"You mean the professor's stupid," I said.

"You're damn right," Selmo said. "This professor is more than that. He's *no* damn good! I mean why should he teach that way? That's not teaching. That's reciting. This character isn't interested in what the author is trying to say or why he wants to say it."

"He probably doesn't know," I said, propping my feet up on the deskchair.

"What do you mean, he doesn't know?" Selmo asked. "You mean he doesn't *want* to know. It might scare him. It might upset his teaching patterns. What do I care if Johnny killed his pet turtle on page 67. I can always look that up. But what the author is trying to say is important. It matters to me and it matters to a lot of other guys too."

"You've just got to accept it," I said. "People are no damn good."

"I do accept it," he said, rolling over on his stomach. "I accept it and now I'm giving up. There's a couple of men at school who assign a paper and read it and agree with what you say and call the damn thing 'brilliant' and 'excellent' and all those empty words, *and then*, they give you a B —because you left out two commas where they thought commas ought to be. It doesn't make any difference if you don't think commas should go there. They don't care about the fact that the paper is good. What they *do* care about is that you didn't put in a comma where they think there should be one. It's all so damn stupid."

"So you're going to bury yourself?" I asked.

"Yeah. I can't find the answer for them and I doubt that I can save myself any more. I used to picture myself sitting on top of a big hill with blue grass all over and the sun was shining and you and J.D. and Jim and Pard and a few others were there and we had plenty of beer and books . . . thousands of books . . . and at night the stars would always shine. And we had a big house like a fortress or something and we would sit there and read and drink and look down and watch the puppet masters destroy themselves with collective thinking and welfare states and conformism and machines and worrying about who had red hair on page 100."

Selmo stopped and turned over.

"You know the trouble with you?" I said. "You want to change everything. You're actually trying to change all of that. I know people are no damn good. I know about collectivism and stupid professors and red hair on page 100. I know all about that. But you can't change it. You've still got to search for an answer."

"You want a beer?" he asked.

"Hell, no!" I yelled. "Listen to me, will you? I know about all of this horror you're describing. I've seen it. Anybody with any sense at all has seen it. Fifteen years ago there may have been some flimsy excuse for not seeing it, but not any more, Selmo. Not any more."

"Well, then, let's get the hell out of here," Selmo said. "Let's go find that hilltop."

"That's all well and good, but you can't change this mess. People are no good, so let them stay no good. Your professors are lousy, so let them stay lousy. You've got to see that there are good ones and bad ones. There are people who do care and those who don't. Can't you understand? Don't you see that all of this comes together? You change *all* of the purple eyes on page 798. Maybe some of them. But hell, Selmo, you can't change all of them. You would kill yourself. That's what you'd do. And that's not the right answer either."

"So what have I got?" he asked. "What about that beer and all those books?"

"You can keep that," I said. "You can keep all of that. All you have to do is find it. Find the right answer to it all. Don't ever give up. You can find that hill with beer in the rivers and ten billion bucks. But you can't change everything in order to get there. You just can't, Selmo. You've got to find the right attitude in order to accept all of this. You've got to find yourself and the answer by accepting the good and the lousy. You can't change the chaos, but you can find some harmony. You've got to find it and accept it. The only way to save the world is to save the individual. You can't do that by making like some stupid ostrich. Don't you see that? You've got to go your way by yourself. And when you find those country walks in springtime or that river surrounded by a misty light or that damn hilltop you're looking

for, when you find that, Selmo, you'll have the answer.

For a minute Selmo didn't say anything. The spot of "English Leather" seemed to make up his whole existence. That spot . . . sort of like a big blob of goo that had been carefully . . . and then Selmo said, "Find the answer," and I said, "Yeah."

"So you think that if I accept both ideas . . . I mean that people are no damn good and still accept them . . . and not try to change them or something . . . then I can still find the answer, that damn hilltop . . . I can still save myself."

"That's it, Selmo," I said, looking at that spot. "That's it exactly."

OK," he said. "Can you sum it all up? Can you put it all together for me?"

I thought a moment. I looked at the stains of a big blob of goo. Selmo looked at it too. And then I scratched something out on a piece of paper and showed it to him:

Dogwood blossom time—
And under my feet,
a pile of pigeon droppings.

Selmo looked at me. He laughed. And then he stood up and stretched. He smiled again and said, "Let's go get a beer."

And I smiled and said, "OK."

I told J.D. about it later. Told him just about everything. What Selmo had said and what I had said.

"And that was a lousy way to explain it to him," J.D. was saying. "You could have done a better job." He was saying that I was lucky that Selmo had brains because he could have failed to understand me. "It was a lousy job," J.D. was saying.

And then I said, "But it worked. It really worked. Selmo understood."

And then J.D. was saying, "Yeah." He was saying that that's what made my lousy explanation so good. "Because it worked." And then J.D. was saying, "Let's go get a beer."

And I smiled and said, "OK."

The Scholar's Mission

(Continued from page 11)

monopolized by the North. We are weary of what Johnathan Daniels has called "the economy of poverty." But we want them all without accepting those unpleasant social-economic adjustments which inevitably go with them. *We*, therefore, in larger degree, face the tragic situation in which our bodies are being pushed headlong into capitalism while our minds, dominated by old values, are plodding wearily along behind.

Now every historian knows that the Modern World has everywhere been characterized not only by *industrial capitalism* but also by *active consolidated central governments* and *more intense* democratic- humanitarian impulses. They seem to go together, and to ignore this fact is only to enter the new age through confusion and bitter strife. Yet the South seems almost predestined to follow that troubled course. Both her traditions and her convictions are against consolidated nationalism and central government interference with local economic and social affairs. She has resisted even to the point of force. Yet the frightening interdependence inherent in industrial capitalism, creates a national interest in local affairs that cannot be ignored. Whether we like it or not, our local practices, economic and social, are no longer entirely our own*. It is the price we pay for our Industrial Revolution.

Our editorial columns may insist day after day that "government controls on everything destroys everything about the capitalistic system but the empty name"; that the impending housing regulations grant "the individual equal housing by government order rather than by the fruits of his own labor"; and the industrial leader may insist that the "Union bosses and their captive political leaders are running and ruining the country," and that the government has "abdicated in favor of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People", but the tide, somehow, keeps rolling on.

Now it is not just a matter of *soundness or unsoundness*, but a question of *what is inevitable* and what is not. The real problem, after all, is one of saving *the truly essential Southern values* while enjoying the worthwhile things of the Modern World. There are rich human factors in Southern life that the acquisitive drive, the emphasis on *things*, and the restless hurry of the Modern World tend to destroy. There is also much in Southern life that needs to be destroyed. It is the Southern scholar's mission, I think, to draw the lines and to furnish the facts and the ideas which will save the one and sacrifice the other. The struggle, in the end, here as in the wider world, will be for the minds of men. And it is here that the Southern scholar has his chance to be a practical statesman.

*Only today I visited a factory whose raw materials come from a half dozen states and whose product is sold all over the nation. South Carolina furnishes only labor and climate.

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THERE IS A TIME

(Continued from page 20)

such emergencies. I've put dry blankets from the barn around the fire so we can sit and talk about the revolution, Grandpa."

The old one sat by the fire, "Very well. How shall we start, Pero?"

Pero carefully added a few more sticks to the fire, then sat with his arms crossed and thought very deeply.

Suddenly their serenity was ended by a thundering gallop and a loud cry in the night.

"Father! Are you there?" the voice exclaimed, each moment growing more deafening. It was the voice of Manuel. The light from the fire reflected a magnificent gray horse which suddenly stopped over the head of frightened Pero. The old man looked at this wild, pulsating portrait before him. Here was a picture of flaming youth—a wild-eyed, perspiring man upon his wild-eyed, perspiring stallion. Each seemed to sap a rejuvenation from the air, a perpetual energy between their grasps for breath.

"Manuel—my Son. What is wrong? Has Havana fallen to the Bearded One?"

Manuel still gasped for breath. "Today at the university . . . terrible riot there," he panted, each word fighting its way out against the air fighting its way in, "Castro's men!"

The young man sank against the horse to regain his breath, and then continued more calmly. "Castro is right. I must go join him. Many of my friends already have. I leave tonight."

The old one sat down slowly. In his mind was a picture of a nervous young doctor extracting a bullet, only to instill death. In his mind, his uncle's cries still ran.

The old man spoke hesitatingly. "Manuel, there is much to tell you. You cannot go, son. The pain and the death, and for what purpose? Cuba is in good hands now. Why destroy it?"

"You are living in the past, Father. It is a time for change. Batista's rule was shakey and insecure before this. If you were only in Havana. . . . if only you lived there or could hear of his bungling. Batista's rule, his life, Cuba's government are all decadent, are all falling apart."

"You talk of change, son. You forget my age; you forget my life has seen more change, more bitterness, more cruelty than I could ever tell you."

"Father, the revolution will be short. Batista will fall soon. After we have control, Cuba will grow and prosper beyond our wildest dreams. Castro wants no spoils."

The old man looked at the fire. Then slowly he said, "No, you are probably wrong. Your dreams are based on fantasy and false hope. Who can tell what power will do to a man's mind."

The old one looked at his son. He had a faraway look which saw beyond the excited face of Manuel, beyond the farthest and wildest dreams.

"If only a man could have the wisdom of old age and the energy and body of youth. If only our God would combine youth and wisdom. But perfection is achieved only after death. When a man has the body he searches constantly, and when he finally finds happiness and peace through wisdom, he sees an old, useless body, one incapable of fulfilling what he has spent his life trying to understand. Son, you have the youth, and even though I only farm I understand life and what is true wisdom. Let us combine our resources. Let us join together."

The old one groped for the horse's neck and Manuel's hand in order to convey his conviction to both.

"It is late Father and I have a long ride. I must go. Step away Father."

"No son . . . let us talk . . ."

"Leave me!" he cried, as if the harmless man holding him was a soldier of Batista.

"Grandpa, say something! Are you hurt bad . . ."

The old one said nothing. He slowly and painfully crawled to the blanket and asked Pero to relight the fire, for he was cold and empty. The dismayed old man put his arm around Pero, and they gazed into the fire.

The old one realized his own futility; it was useless to try to sway such men by words and his old body could not sway them by fighting. He looked at little Pero, a small boy who tonight tasted a bitter sight. Pero was an innocent child and he must be taught.

There is a time called someday. There is a time when all who wish hopefully find a miracle, blooming and ready to pick after years of endless searching. There was a dream in Pero.

And now the old one may be on the good mountain, or on his porch, but you will probably find him in the mind and heart of a young boy playing beneath the green trees or roaming through the fields waiting for someday. ●

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ON TESTS

(Continued from page 17)

tions then calmly sits back and with his big ears sops up the residue. The last character of note, seen very rarely yet known to be in existence, neither spins nor toils, stuffs or races. He walks calmly into class, gets the highest mark, finishes in record time and has all the markings of sheer genius. However, he also has some unusual and particular characteristics: he usually has a key chain tending to be noticeably fuller around test time; he is often seen taking long walks about 2:00 A.M.; and he is very friendly with the janitors and custodians of the school. He either walks into class very calmly or quite nervously or walks into a test quite calmly then after receiving the paper either screams and curses or quietly passes out.

Not to be overlooked are the judges and rulers of the games—those old gamesters themselves, the teachers. Having participated in the game themselves when they were in their youth, these men unfailingly seem to know what their role is in the games. Staunch and true to their calling these dedicated past masters of the hound hunt rise to the occasion and always seem to ask one more question than the racers can handle in one load. Furthermore, they have tendencies to add a few more rules to the game every time they are called upon to judge. The variance of the rules from judge to judge need not cause undue worry to those who have mastered the sport fairly well, for it is well known that the judges themselves were once in the same boat as the participants, and lingering fond memories of their days at ol' B. S. U. soften their judgment and rather dull their axe. One may note this about the old fellows: in rememberance of their days they do wear thicker-soled shoes at exam time and knowing full well the messy facts of the green faces and wet recepticle bags, do bring their briefcases to class so as not to spoil their shiny suits. ●

Justification of the Laws

(Continued from page 11)

to Socrates, the degradation of the good life and the well-ordered soul, which is a denial of the purpose for living.

Socrates goes a bit further by explaining why the individual's acceptance to the law is of necessity to the good life. Up until this point, the dialogue is carried on by means of questions which Socrates puts to Crito. At this stage of development, Plato digresses from his early method and has the Laws speak to Socrates as an anonymous character, in condemnation of this proposed plan.

The Laws speak, telling Socrates that he has made an agreement with the state to abide by the sentence of the state, having become of age and seen the ways of the city, made its acquaintance, and allowed, if not satisfied, to go where he pleases and take his goods with him. The Laws say that the state brought him into existence by allowing his father and mother to marry by its aid and beget him, and regulate the nurture and education of his youth. Socrates is questioned as to whether he feels the state is wrong in doing this. The answer is negative.

The Laws then say that Socrates cannot deny the fact that he is a child of the state as were his fathers before him, and therefore, it stands above father, mother and ancestors. Because it stands before all of these, no person has the right to attempt to destroy the law, even when the law is trying to destroy him. Punishment is to be endured in silence, and a person must do all in his power to do what his city and country order him, or he must change their view of what is just. Just as he may do no violence to his father and mother, he must not do violence to his country.

The final argument of the Laws is that if he does decide to violate the sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little longer life and for the sake of his children, he will do an injustice to both. Wherever he goes, he will be marked as an enemy of the laws and provoke the wrath of the existing government. He will also do injustice to his children by either marking them in Athens as the off-spring of a dissenter of the laws, or by depriving them of Athenian citizenship. In either case, his prolonged life will not justify the ends which will be affected.

The Laws then appeal to Socrates not to listen to Crito and try to escape, but to heed the advice of the wisdom of those who have brought him up, and think of justice first and life and children afterwards, so that he may be justified before the princes of the world. If he does this, he may depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil, a victim not of the laws but of men. Crito then leaves, having been convinced of the rightness of the thing which Socrates is about to do, to fulfill the will of God, and follow whither he leads.

Plato and Shakespeare dwell a great deal on the theme of justification for the law in these two works and both arrive at the same general conclusions: Law is supreme, and every citizen should comply to its dictates, regardless of his personal desires.

Although Bolingbroke usurps the throne in *Richard II*, Shakespeare shows his dislike for the deed by arousing our sympathy toward Richard and by having the Bishop of Carlisle, representing wisdom, to warn against this great injustice. Bolingbroke breaks the law when he returns evil for evil, and he has thus inflicted harm on another, which destroys a well-ordered soul: the basis of a good individual.

Crito is fortunate in that Socrates stops him before he can carry his deed out, and makes him realize that the duty of a good citizen is not to return evil for evil, but to regard the law, even if it means death. ●

If you put a log in the fire, it's going to get burned.

—R. Gibson

STROM
SANDY

Comment . . .

On Academic Rules and Such

A philosopher, writing in the first century A.D., spoke of being above the law. We do not propose to present here a lengthy discussion of natural law, civil law, Jewish law or many of the other facets of law to which the writer had reference. Rather, we can apply his wisdom to life at Wofford College and those laws with which we have most intimate contact—the laws which campus essayists (including myself) have been most verbal in attacking—namely, the edicts handed down by the administration and trustees concerning academic, social, and other extra curricular matters.

There are those of us who so govern our activities that we always "push" the law, and in these pushings, often fall afoul of the rule. Take the matter of academic eligibility: Many students are interested solely in just getting by so that their total concern becomes not knowledge (heaven forbid) but rather the limits of the law itself. Obviously, these students are apt to come into academic difficulties. And then there are those few whose total concern is knowledge and academic excellence so that they are totally *un*concerned with the maximum limits of the law. These students are "above the law."

Further elaboration is practically unnecessary. With the philosopher of the first century, we say, "Become so completely engrossed with matters of real import that you will have no time or inclination to be concerned with the limits of Wofford rules."

LAURELS

At the convention of the S.C. Collegiate Press Association held recently at Wofford, the only saving graces of local publication were Don Greiner and Henry Smith. Greiner walked away with the awards for the best sports story in all the college newspapers entered in the contest *and* the best short story in a large college magazine (those with over 750 students —including Clemson, Carolina, Furman, etc.) since January 1961. Don's winning piece was *Crazy They Call Me*. Henry Smith easily won the book review contest in large college magazines with his *Noise of Solemn Assemblies*. Congratulations to both.

Incidentally, the biggest rose of all goes to Betsy Snidow, editor of *Concept* from our sister institution across town, for her sweeping of first place over-all in the college magazine contest. Girls maybe ain't so dumb after all.

JOURNAL MATTERS

Those students who have fictional aspirations will be interested to know that an alumnus (who insists on remaining anonymous) is again giving cash prizes in the W. L. Pugh short story contest for the best short story appearing in *The Journal* this year. We invite any of you who feel so inclined to submit a manuscript for the final issue of said publication, coming in May.

Let us commend to your reading the piece in this issue entitled *The Scholar's Mission*. Avery O. Craven is one of the most distinguished American historians today. Our sincere thanks go to Dr. Craven, to Dr. L. P. Jones, and to another Wofford faculty member (. . . all these people who want to remain anonymous . . .) for allowing us to publish the address, in the first case, for reading the proof, in the second, and for making all the necessary arrangements, in the third.

AND FINALLY

A comment on the attitudes of Wofford students toward lasting matters: We felt it wise to wait until the end—so that anybody who started to read this piece would not quit on the first sentence—to tell the name of the philosopher quoted in the first section. He is Saint Paul.

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TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Department of English
October

DEAR COACH MUSSELMAN:

Remembering our discussions of your football men who are having troubles in English, I have decided to ask you, in turn, for help.

We feel that Paul Spindles, one of our most promising scholars, has a chance for a Rhodes Scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college. Paul has the academic record for this award but we find that the aspirant is also required to have other excellences, and ideally should have a good record in athletics. Paul is weak. He tries hard, but he has trouble in athletics.

We propose that you give some special consideration to Paul as a varsity player, putting him, if possible, in the backfield of the football team. In this way, we can show a better college record to the committee deciding on the Rhodes Scholarships. We realize that Paul will be a problem on the field, but—as you have often said—cooperation between our department and yours is highly desirable and we do expect Paul to try hard, of course. During intervals of study we shall coach him as much as we can. His work in English Club and on the debate team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he carries an old football around to bounce (or whatever one does with a football) during intervals in his work. We expect Paul to show entire good will in his work for you, and though he will not be able to begin football practice till late in the season, he will finish the season with good attendance.

BENJAMIN PLOTINUS
Chairman, English Department

By Professor William E. Stafford, for National Council of Teachers of English.
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CONTENTS

THE MOODY AFFAIR—*nostalgia* ..... Blease Graham 2

THE POET AND THE SCIENTIST—*essays* 3

AN EPISTLE FOR EDIFICATION ..... Henry M. Smith 4

SONG OF OURSELVES ..... Peter Moody 5

ANOTHER STUDY OF THE EFFECTS OF ENVIRONMENT ON BEHAVIOR—*article* ..... James Lee Seaman 7

BASEBALL RECONSIDERED—*address* ..... Philip S. Covington 9

RESOLUTION—*short story* ..... W. B. Mosely 11

COLD WAR ECONOMICS—*essay* ..... Mike Copps 13

COMMENT—*editorial* ..... Randall R. Kincaid 14

INSERTS Helmus Poetry Anthology for 1958-1962.

COVER: *Man on the Street* ..... Tom Zepp

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Nostalgia

THE MOODY AFFAIR

by Blease Graham

The story of any college or university carries with it a characteristic milieu of interesting problems relative to friendly and cordial relations between it, its neighbors, and its supporters. Behind any university or college is a vast complex of delicate working agreements whereby certain necessary articles may be acquired and certain plateaus reached, e.g., financial support for building programs and endowment, perpetually large attendance at Parents' Weekends, enthusiastic support by paying customers at athletic events, and talkative, influential recruiters who help supply freshmen. Organized alumni groups help make such programs more effective.

Aside from this, however, relations between the college and its immediate surrounding community is often more colorful and exciting. Look for instance at Hollis's engrossing history of the University of South Carolina and note with horror that Carolina students actually armed themselves with weapons from the arsenal of the school's cadet corps and marched on the Columbia Police Station defended by the Columbia Police Force to revengefully liberate an imprisoned Carolina student, who had been involved in a drunken brawl. Legend has it, thankfully, that they forgot to carry ammunition, but this is not easily proven. But, you say that was a time in the less recent past when students were generally *feri ac barbari*, wild and uncivilized. And perhaps you are right.

It is necessary, however, to note with increasing interest that one innocent act of a noticeably non-violent character by a modern-day college student in an indirect contact with surrounding forces exploded a virtual powder keg of controversy. The event referred to is preserved in the memories of many living Wofford men and in the significant history of this college by Dr. D. D. Wallace. The innocent act was writing a poem and getting it published in the *Wofford College Journal;* the exploded powder keg was a virtual class war.

Before the days of Helmus, Peter R. Moody ('37) of Cooleemee, North Carolina, frequently displayed his poetry in the *Journal*. One of his works, a poem of modernistic style, destined to be his most outstanding, graced a page in the April, 1937, issue. His was a resounding address to the common, last-rung mill worker, though it has been assured from several sources that Moody did not intend to be offensive or satirical. Nevertheless, the low grade mill worker was lambasted in terms describing his own degraded character and his insufferable living standards and conditions. Matter of factly, the common mill worker was seeming offensive both to the average worker and to mill administrators. Moody stated: "Listen, lint-head, you are just another poor, illiterate cotton mill worker. You stand with a thousand others just like you . . . tending a power loom, all for forty cents an hour. . . . You are dead! You died on your sixteenth birthday when you went to work in the cotton mill."

If no more cognizance of this poem had been taken than results from the usual observation of *Journal* writing, peace may have remained. But this was not the case. Newspaper editorialists seized upon the poem as fuel for their pens. One editorialized guilt at the hands of mill operators for the poor conditions of the workers. Others lent their supporting comment. Actual physical violence seemed imminent. An angry group of workers actually found itself in front of Carlisle Hall and sounded in chorus, "We want Moody." One hundred twenty-five Carlisle occupants realized what was going on and streamed onto the front lawn and each replied, "I'm Moody." This action successfully quelled any intentions of the group.

It is decisive to note the immense greatness of the Dr. Snyder as he mended the rip in good relations. A telephone call, a conference, and a conciliatory letter to various labor leaders and committeemen somewhat vindicated the image of Moody and Wofford. But normal relations were not restored until the danger of mob violence had existed for several days and legislative action had been served to instruct the Superintendent of the State Hospital to dispatch an examining psychologist to confer with Moody, due to the fact that he was "either insane or a criminal and dangerous to the public if allowed at large." The physician reported that Moody had more sense than the legislators.

The Moody affair demonstrates to us how suddenly and violently the feelings of class prejudice may be aroused. Specifically, it demonstrates a social gap that then existed between textile workers and other classes of our society. Textile workers, along with other oppressed working groups, have recently made pleasing advances along social and economic scales and today might not be so easily stirred to action. Though this by no means precludes the absence of class distinctions in our present day society, I am encouraged to say that we easily learn the significance of class bias from this incident and should treat our particular inherited class predicament with increasing awareness and tolerance.

●

The Poet

AND

The Scientist

The following are selected essays written by students in an American Literature class on the difference or similarity of the poet and the scientist.

—Editor

* * *

Speaking in general terms, one could say that a poet is a "lyric-man," and a scientist is a "rational-man." The poet, through some form of rhythm, attempts to create, or introduce to the reader a certain beauty, pleasure, or truth. The poet is not restricted to the past, neither does he have a set pattern that he must follow in his writing.

On the other hand, the scientist must make use of historical events in developing his hypothesis, theory, and conclusion. The scientist must use a systematic, sound, reasoning process and adhere to a definite set of rules in his work.

Therefore, I believe that the main difference between a poet and a scientist lies in the fact that the scientist must make a thorough study of the material world in his work, whereas the poet dwells in the study of human nature. But both exist, in a sense, for the purpose of making the world a better place in which to live.

—Spencer Culbreth

* * *

In this imbroglio commonly termed life, there are innumerable ways of perceiving and realizing one's relationship to the external world. The scientist is conceived of as a practical sort with an alert and keen perception. However, what is the nature of his perception? Does the scientist overlook many citadels of beauty in a quest for a foundation and explanation? Can he look at a basic thing such as a sunset and draw from it feelings of compassion, reasons for life, unutterable meanings, "food for future years"? Or is it a thing impersonal, a phenomenon to be dissected, a perfunctory daily occurrence as routine as the tide? I am afraid to answer; I only know the wealth it contains for the poet and his audience.

—Buddy Dunlap

* * *

The poet is one who attempts to perceive meaning in life, and to interpret this meaning for his fellow human beings. His medium is emotion and intuition; he expresses himself in vivid, imaginative language. He strives for something he calls the truth.

The scientist is one who attempts to find a pattern of existence in life. His medium is a clear, rational mind; he expresses himself in precise, unmistakable terms. He, also, seeks for something he calls the truth.

How are the scientist and the poet related? The relation lies in their approach to truth. The scientist wants to know the "how" of life; the poet wants to know the "why." They attack the mountain from opposite sides; but whenever they reach the peak, they have conquered the mountain. Their joint efforts will then provide a complete understanding of mountains, and men.

—J. Vic Funderburk

* * *

I feel that the outstanding factor that tends to separate the scientist and the poet is the manner in which each expresses beauty and truth. A scientist, that is a natural scientist, necessarily makes a logical study of some small division of this universe and discovers basic truths, largely through the observation of physical phenomena. He is indeed expressing beauty and truth through his discoveries, for one can certainly argue that the obedience of every particle of matter to certain laws of nature discovered by scientists, is beauty in itself. The poet, however, takes note of a thing of beauty, or is siezed by that which he himself feels is true and gives forth his own personal thoughts through the medium of words.

I should like to mention that some branches of knowledge, popularly termed sciences, are closely akin to poetry in various ways. Poetry and mathematics are very much alike in that both are creations of the human mind and nothing else. But, alas, here too a wedge can be driven between the two, the latter having a universal logical consistency apparently lacking in the former. But here we are speaking of mathematics and poetry, not the mathematician and the poet. There can be found in a single poet a definite concept of truth and beauty, although this concept may not be consistent with that of others.

Then, too, we may ask, "What is

beauty?" "What is truth?"

—Peter W. Harley

* * *

To a scientist, a principle is either true or false, black or white. Since truth can only be perceived by the human mind, it is a relative thing. When the scientist declares that he has found the truth by using objectivity, he is dishonest with himself and with his system of truth seeking. Being a relative thing, truth must be compared and contrasted with opposed but likely supposition. If this likely supposition is simply thrown aside, the remainder is not truth, but only one possible solution among many. The poet, making no claims to be objective, is bombarded by myriad opinions and impressions, each one as valuable as its opposition. By intuition and subjectivity, then, the poet admits the likelihood of many truths, but ferrets one likelihood from the others. Thus the poet finds truth for the human mind whereas the scientist, by foregoing the realization of the limits of his mind, fails in his search for truth.

—Charles M. Israel

* * *

A man sat in a straight chair on the brink of death and looked back and looked forward; he meditated for a long time and then he perceived. Taking his pen, he dipped it into the inkwell that was his heart and wrote. And what he wrote was beautiful and it was truth.

A man sat in a straight chair on the brink of life and looked down a powerful microscope; he added a chemical to the smear on the slide, and suddenly he perceived. Taking a sheet of paper, he slipped it into his typewriter, and he wrote. And what he wrote was great, and it was truth.

The job of both these men is to reveal truth as they have perceived it, and what truth is, I do not know.

—James P. Kilgo

AN EPISTLE FOR EDIFICATION

by Henry M. Smith

Dear Befuddled One (*viz.*, Christian)

Let us pose a hypothetical problem. You are one who lives under the despotic rule of a totalitarian government. You and your people have so lived and labored for centuries. Your one great hope is that God will someday intervene in your behalf, and help you cast off the shackles of slavery which have bound you for so long. You long for and expect the coming of a great hero, the gallant one, divinely anointed to lead you to your freedom.

In a rather unexpected manner, he arrives. Or so you think, at any rate. You are excited, eager to revolt, eager to throw off the captive nature of your servitude, and you are only awaiting your new leader to give the signal. He now has a sizable following.

One day, in an attempt to arrest him, the ruling authorities bring to him a picture of their chief.

"What do you think?" they ask him. "Should we render homage to our leader, or not?"

He pauses, then says calmly: "Yes, of course—whenever necessary."

You are shocked, and rightly so.

You offer him a crown and he refuses. Instead, he walks around uttering moral platitudes about goodness, love, and peace. You begin to really wonder.

And then what does he do? In order to prove how good and pious he himself is, he nobly takes on the role of a big, brave martyr and allows the authorities to put him to death by drowning. Or, if you will, by sacrificial baptism. Of course, before he dies, he speaks the words of a true martyr: He states that those who are responsible for his death are too ignorant to know what they are doing, and thereby tries to paint a pretty picture of himself as opposed to his enemies. How sweet!

So what do you do, Befuddled One? Do you return and work and plot for your and your own people's liberation? No, not you. You and a bunch of your fanatical friends run around and swear to God that your valiant leader rose from the dead. What idiocy! You know, and I know that the real reason he so asserted such "authority" and acted like such an arrogant fool was probably because he was a bastard.

So you see, my dear Befuddled One, the Tarsusian Jew was correct: "We are men looking at puzzling reflections in a mirror."

Your God is dying, slowly but surely. Let us rejoice and be grateful.

Your "Redeemer" is, at long last, being redeemed.

Let us pray. . . .

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Song of

Four years — happy, sad, glorious years on this college campus — years almost gone — years never to be forgotten — four years of experiences, triumphs and defeats — and I remember them.

The college, yes — the sinking feeling when I first saw it — and how timid and ignorant I was — even afraid, but determined and ambitious. I remember those first fearful weeks of inferiority and those weeks of longing for home.

All right, over the chair there, freshman. What's my name?

I remember being shy and afraid to admit it.

And I remember glorying in the loss of individuality and becoming part of the class and the college — the first friends I made and the pride in being able to say, "Oh, I'm just one of the boys."

I remember the college — the Friday night society meetings — the classes and the professors — how we joked and laughed at them, knowing all the while that they were MEN.

And I remember the dormitories — kicking against the food — and throwing bottles down the hall and hiding from the executive committee. Then the nightly "bull" sessions, full of adolescent philosophy. Yes, I remember and I loved it all, for I was a part of it.

And all this was a process of development — we were free to choose our way.

I remember the holidays — the trains and busses carrying me home, rushing through the little towns and shoving through the cities. And I remember strange faces that I never saw before, and will never see again.

I remember the trip back — returning to school — sometimes sorry, more often glad.

And I remember the pride in possessing a uniform and knowing that it stood for something bigger than any of us who cussed the wool shirts. And I remember stiff fingers when we drilled in the snow — and I remember hot parades, sizzling inspections, and the strong thrill of marching to band music.

I remember a summer of army life in Alabama — long days learning to be officers under a broiling sun — and cool nights, sleeping under the stars in a close heaven.

At Ease!

And I remember four Springs — each one bringing a greater and more beautiful campus — the Main Building drawing on a dress of ivy to cover her winter nakedness — and two sturdy towers rising above the green into the blue sky — masters and surveyors of a world of learning.

When the sophomore asked "Wonder how long it will stand?" — the senior answered, "Forever."

Yes, I remember it all — the quiet of the library — the din of the dining room — the solemness of the "Y" meetings — and the boisterousness of a student body meet — and I remember the inspiration of that week each year when a churchman came and talked with us . . .

And I remember poker games that lasted from dark 'til dawn — and the sleepy, dull morning-after in class.

And I remember football and track — and the tingling nervousness before competition — I remember the difference between doing your best and loafing.

"Where's the school spirit on this campus?" asked a student from another school — and we knew he was wrong, but didn't know how to answer.

There's much to remember, but I forget none of it — the bell ringing after basketball games — the glory of victory and the despair of defeat. The glee club's

Ourselves *by* Peter Moody

stops in small towns — the concerts — and the girls we met.

Yes, I remember all sorts of girls—blondes, brunettes, and even one red-head—girls at dances, cool sweet girls in the warm moonlight — girls on the train going home — girls in organdie and girls in furs — some pretty, some ugly, some wise and some innocent. Yes—all sorts of girls, and I remember them.

And what does your textbook say about that?

And I remember the summers — long, hot working days — days when I wanted school to start and days that I hoped would never end — summers full of fun, and work and gaiety — and through it all, the glad assurance "that I'll be back when the college reopens."

Sure, I remember the campus politicians — I was one, or tried to be — amateurs pulling big-time deals on a college campus. Yes, I remember it all — election after election and vote for vote. And I remember triumph with a teasing conscience, and I remember the stinging heartbreaking injustice of defeat.

And I remember the drunks, who, sooner or later, lost caste.

Come on, be a dead sport . . .

There is much to linger over — the hymns in chapel and the announcements — class assignments and laboratory experiments. I remember all of it and want to forget none of it.

The annual Y.M.C.A. reception will be next Saturday night. . . .

Oh, yes, the stuff was here, all right — it was ours for the taking — both learning and experience.

What is an education? Is it cheating on examinations? Who knows?

I will not forget the examinations — nights of cramming — the early sunlight creeping through the dawn to mingle with the yellow of a desk lamp — and the steaks and beers and black coffee.

I remember the Sundays — the calmness of morning church and the peace to be found in the afternoon woods.

And I remember the banquets and reception refreshments — the razor-like sharpness of a small tux collar — and I remember the songs we sang over and over again — melodies now mortgaged by memory.

Oh, I remember it all — not one moment escapes — the good and the bad stick side by side in my memory. The campus, red in the Indian summer, bare and snow-swept in the winter, green with rebirth and resurrection in the spring. Yes, memory stores it all safely together.

After the lecture, the professor said, "Any questions?" and forty mental walls echoed back, "Any answers?"

And I remember the boys — my class-mates — hundreds of personalities all tacking on the same wind — I remember the boys who have gone before us and the boys who will follow after.

And I remember their language — college boy language — "I'll warrant you," — "I loathe a liar" and — "SO WHAT?"

Yes, I remember all this and much more — I am glad I was a part of it, and I would not change one iota, not one instant, of any of it.

What are you planning to do next year?

SONG OF OURSELVES *appeared in* THE JOURNAL *in 1937. The author, Peter Moody, graduated from Wofford in that year. From here, he went to the United States Military Academy. Presently, he is teaching at the Air Force Academy, and holds the rank of Colonel. He will soon complete a two year leave from the Academy, during which time, he has taught English at Cambridge University.*

Another Study of the Effects of Environment on Behavior

by James Lee Seaman

The following technical article deals with the Wofford College Psychology Department Experiment, which has been conducted for the entire year by Lee Seaman. This paper won first place in the S. C. Psychological Association contest recently.

This experiment was prompted by similar experiments such as "Stimulation in Infancy," by Seymour Lavine, and "Early Environment," by William R. Thompson and Ronald Melzach. These studies support the general psychoanalytic position and D. O. Hebb's specific hypothesis that the effects of environment on behavior are inversely related to the age of the organism. This is another variation in this series.

SUBJECTS:

The subjects for this experiment were 39 animals from four litters of albino rats born within the same week. Twenty-one days after parturition, the infants were separated from their mothers and the males were castrated. Dice were used to determine whether the members of each litter went into the rich environment or the restricted environment; 22 were selected to live in the former environment, 17 in the latter.

METHOD:

1. Experiment No. 1

(a) Apparatus:

The experiment was conducted in a room in which five standard-sized rodent cages housed the control (restricted) group. In the center of the room stood a large cage made of wire mesh and substantially framed and supported by wooden braces. The experimental space of the cage was filled with numerous wires, swings, balls, tubes, pans, kitchen utensils, bowls, toys, clothespins, a rug, and even a hat. All of these were so arranged that it was possible to crawl or climb to all parts of the cage.

Many of the supports upon which the experimental animals traversed were quite unstable, a factor making for numerous falls early in their experience.

To measure learning, a 6-choice multiple-T water maze was used. The frame was made of wood and the inside was covered with a galvanized metal. A second measure of learning was obtained by constructing a simple escape problem. A board was placed diagonally from the bottom to the top of a 9¼″ deep sink in the experimental laboratory.

A frequently used apparatus for testing emotionally was employed. This consisted of a cardboard box, the floor of which was marked off into nine squares. The top was covered with a ventilated piece of transparent plastic to prevent the subjects from jumping out.

(b) Procedure:

After the rich-environment and restricted-environment groups had lived about 100-125 days in their respective environments, the two groups were tested on a number of behavioral dimensions.

On the first day of testing, the animals were tested on the dry and wet sink escape problem. On the second day, they were tested on the emotionality situation. The next seven days, they were run one trial a day in the water maze.

The hypothesis was that the rich-environment group would better the restricted group's maze and escape problem performances, and that members of the rich-environment group would be more active and therefore, less emotionally disturbed in the gridded box than the restricted animals.

Performance on the escape problems was measured by recording the number of seconds required by the animal to escape from the dry or wet sink. An arbitrary time limit of 300 seconds was set on each performance.

Helmus Poetry Anthology

WOFFORD COLLEGE 1962

THE COVER

The cover design is by Gerald Gibson, winner of the 1959 contest and now doing graduate work in chemistry at the University of Tennessee.

The drawing is a representation of Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology, who with one blow of his hoof caused the fountain Hippocrene to spring from Mount Helicon. Because of this, Pegasus has often been identified with poetic inspiration.

FOREWORD

In 1958, Mr. A. J. R. Helmus of Spartanburg donated a sum of money for the establishment of a poetry contest on the Wofford campus. The rules for the contest, which bears Mr. Helmus' name, were originally designed by Professor K. D. Coates, and under his chairmanship, the contest has progressed admirably to its present state of popularity among Wofford students.

In this sixth annual contest, many poems were submitted, from which four winners and several honorable mentions were selected. Judges this year were Professors J. M. Bullard, L. H. Chewning, S. J. McCoy, V. E. Miller, and J. Secondi.

The Journal is pleased to publish this anthology, including winning poems from the six annual contests as well as several of the poems receiving honorable mention this year. (Honorable mention poems are arranged alphabetically following the winning poems from this and previous years.)

—R. K.

MR. DOOLITTLE AND HIS FRIENDS

By Don Greiner

(First Place, 1962)

Doolittle was the much admired man.
Well-liked was he; unnumbered were his friends.
He nicely said, in not too loud nor soft
A voice, "Yes, thank you, please, a little cream
And just a dash of sugar." Being sure
To take the measure which was right within
The hostess' eye. It never satisfied
His taste. But he would laugh the thought away
To turn and, greeting, shake the nearest neighbor's hand.

He stunned the crowd with his exciting mind:
"Well, I don't know" and "I'm not sure" and "I
Can't say." And neighbors glanced around and shook
Their heads in grave agreeing nods. They all
Confessed that never in their lives had such
A man appeared as this. Unless it was
The Christ. "But He was much too deep for us,"
They said, and turned their full attention to
Doolittle: "Most courageous man we ever knew."

He took his tea and circled through the room.
He sweetly grasped the glory heaped around
His humble head. He wore the Crown with not
Too big nor not too slight a smile. He dreamed
Of Winter when the days were damp and dead.
"Spring is not the best of times for me,"
He said. "But I could not attempt to tell you why."

I think of Doolittle and his doting friends,
And watch the Zombies slither cross the full
Yet dying earth. "Come with us and we
Shall crawl along the middle of the road
To tea and cookie rooms." The bodies rise and march.

Doolittle dons the Nothing Crown and leads
The live cadavers to inherit all the world.

AWAKENING MAN

By Paul Hibbard

(Second Place, 1962)

He feels the life, voluptuous and fur-like,
Rise upward through the quiet limbs to brush
Each sleeping fiber with its sweet persuasion.
He floods his lungs with gusts of living air;
And the cool grasses recoil beneath his touch,
Then press with eager joy to stroke his fingers.
The watching sun envelops him with veils
Of warming light, fleece-soft and floating gold.
He lifts himself with careful grace to save
The silken sea beyond: and it remains.
And now the shore-god sends a white-winged gull,
A sigh for his devotion to the waters,
The breathing waters, ever-new, the same.

The singing purpose of the place is new
And he embraces all the earth in rapture.

A PRAYER

By Sam Watson, Jr.

(Third Place, 1962)

God, I come without the oft-heard plea
  For spirit's case, and bliss untouched by care;
Existence free from pain I ask not Thee;
  I seek a boon more common, yet more rare.
O send me pain, and toil, and tear, and grief,
  The vulgar gifts from Hell most oft thought sent;
And if my flesh should cry for its relief
  In some weak time, remove Thou not the bent!
These common cleansing gifts most men despise,
  And yet Thy rarest blessings these can be;
The spring of ceaseless youth must needs arise
  In human hearts, when pain hath made them see.
    O Lord, by Thy deep grace may this I be—
    A soul, by sorrow shaped, so nearer Thee.

A SUMMER DAY

By Harry A. Lofton

(Fourth Place, 1962)

A summer day is hot, calm, content.
Large, white, lifeless clouds drift unnoticed in the sky.
Far on the distant horizon a small grey cloud comes into
view, followed by a second and a third.
One by one these grey clouds appear; their presence
becomes increasingly felt.
They become as one solid mass, which seals the earth
away from the sun.
Then the fury of the storm strikes—wind, lightning,
thunder, rain, hail.
The earth in its loneliness must bear the rage of the
storm.
It soon passes, and the sun again reaches with rays
through the clouds down to her earth.
The sunlight glitters on the newness of the world;
Leaves and grass are revived to their freshness of spring.
But the light of the sun never ceases; the glitter is
lost,
And the leaves and grass look to autumn.
A summer day is hot, calm, content,
Except a few trees may have been struck by lightning.

TORCH SONG

By James P. Kilgo

(Second Place, 1961)

From where I sit I see the drunken men
Who watch the ashen of their dreams drift down
To rest upon the polished glass and shined
Mahogany; who look in empty cans

And vulgar paintings for the memories wrought
Of roses, long dark hair, and sand and waves,
And sunburned fingers held in cool white hands;
These things, and light blue velvet, since then lost,
Forgot sometime last night. And now I hear
The plaintive blues cried out; a trumpet wails
And I taste the bitter salt of my own tears
Remembering how light blue velvet felt.

LETHE

By John L. Sharpe III, '61

(First Place, 1961)

awakening
he gazed at the wall
and thought only of the previous evening
when all was
dark
happy
Without pain of conscience

demanding
he hated
the moment of his birth
and the thrust of his life from the womb
with the strength left by the gin
O God! a return into oblivion with no care
to bite one's heel
and gnaw at the mind

listening
he heard steeple sounds
reeking with the holy intent
with the venom of the scorpion
striking at the soul
to remind him of his late act of
unchristian hatred
toward the pure PAST
and the honest NOW
then slept —
a return to the venom-free state without
Society's Sacred 10 —
a desire
will
lust
to seek his Own
. . . a dream . . .

PRIVILEGES OF GENIUS

By James O. Womack

(Third Place, 1961)

Why were great poets such naughty boys
Who indulged in worldly, sinful joys?

The lives of writers hardly make
Approved, nice courses for girls to take.

A ladies' school must expurgate
Some salient facts on Byron's fate.

But works like his will always live,
So much he had the skill to give.

Poor Marlowe died in a drunken brawl,
His star so bright too soon to fall.

The deeds of Wordsworth's youth in France
Should not be worth a maiden glance.

Too bad the lads whose fame's so glorious
Too oft lived lives the most notorious.

But you whose eyes read this can see
No primrose path ahead for me!

SCHOLASTICUS MODERNIENSIS

By Leonard Beard

(First Place, 1960)

What mortals we who feign to be
Preceptors in disguise,
Who pose and preach, then jeer and flee
From that we can't surmise?
We flounce our parts, our learned arts
As bawdies do display,
Deceitful as the aging tart
Parades in youth's array.
Obscure abstracts of pompous prose
Connote the modern mien,
As learned men who brazen pose
With bones of knowledge lean.
We surface-delve to grasp a thought
Which others have bestowed,
Concoct illusions never taught
Like weeds from seeds unsow'd.
We falsely claim acumen loud,
Orate to those impressed;
Gay, gaudy words we use to shroud
Dead thoughts that are undressed.

MARCH 1960

By Jim Sanders

(Second Place—1960)

A world of swirling white; a wind
  That whines and drops in spiral gusts;
A cold, white sky, before the sun
  Is up; a mouth as dry as dust;

These greet the early-rising one,
  Whose bleary eyes can't fully see
The beauty of the falling snow,
  Already thick on bare-limbed trees.

The sun comes up, though all unseen,
  Above the clouds, still pouring snow,
In wind-spurred flakes of sparkling white,
  Upon the sleeping town below.

A car or two goes slowly past;
  Their chains make clanking, grinding sounds.
Three hundred yards back from the road,
  The snow still flies and spirals down.

From fifth-floor window, where one watched,
  A short walk down through fluffy flakes
Will bring one to the layered lawn,
  Blown deeper with each step one takes.

The smooth expanse, in summer green,
  Is but a scene of flurried white;
The raw cold wind whips snow around;
  The winterscape was brown last night.

The wind slows down, then quits entire;
  The snow floats gently all around;
Black, silent trees meet overhead,
  And snowflakes fall with soft, soft sound.

The swish and sweep of gentle snow,
  That forms a fluffy blanket deep,
Still pouring from the grey above,
  A lullaby for quiet sleep.

THE MUSIC-MAKING MOUNTAIN BOY

By Bob Yelton

(Third Place, 1960)

Make me music, Mountain Boy,
With laughter and with tears;
Born of springs and hickory smoke
Through toiling, yearning years;

Sung in sorrow, gleaned from want
Of sehemes and perfect plan,
To leave uprooted cabin cares
And lose the mountain land;

To gain from some one-room school,
A knowledge of great men
Who in this age and ages past
Came from the mountain glen.

Break in ballad, backwoods boy,
The locks that hold your tongue,
And hum the hymn of laurel leaves
That rises from among,

Hymns that throb in thrushes' throats
And rains that leak the roof,
Echoes through the rolling hills
With cowbells set to hoof.

Sing the song in your heart
And let your soul take wings;
Make me music, Mountain Boy,
Plucked from guitar strings;

Sing and tap your restless feet
In rhythm with your heart
That lingers in the hidden hills
Reluctant to depart;

From furows of fresh-plowed earth
Tomatoes on the vine
Sweating rest with dippered drink
Beneath the tall dark pine;

Listening there to katydids
And crickets in the sun;
Knowing when the daylight fades
Your garden chores are done,

And lying by the open fire,
You'll know your greatest joy,
Singing and setting your heart
To music, Mountain Boy.

NIGHT CRY

By Gerald Gibson

(First Place, 1959)

The stars, the silent, everlasting stars,
Like Pinpricks in a thin, black, day-backed dome,
Are strewn across the inky arch of sky
That with nocturnal umbra covers earth.
Their scintillating scant-light pierces dark,
And crossing void, stabs deep into the heart
Of him who stands on dew-damp-verdured hill
Alone, with upturned eyes, with thought-damned mind,
And feels a prayer defeated, never said
Save in the captive nonce words of the soul.

I hate you, Night, I hate your cursed spell,
Obscuring opiate forms that I may see
The vanity, futility of all;
Revealing the nugacity of trials,
Of efforts made in faith that came to naught;
Recalling to the day-drugged mind the brief
Too-happy scenes that come from depths within,
Scenes one would best forget perhaps, that taunt
And reave the plagued, tormented, lonely heart;
That snuff the last bright embers in the soul.

A SONNET FOR TOM WOLFE

By Jerry O. Cook

(Fourth Place, 1959)

O gaunt Tom Wolfe, O giant mountain-man,
So like the hills that are your Asheville's rim,
You cast your knowing gaze across the dim,
Foreboding mountain haze and took in scan
The world. And when you looked on fragile man
And pierced incisively the soul of him,
You saw each salient weakness, foolish whim,
And silent sin; and then your search began.
With lonely, fury-driven heart you went
From cradled mountain town to Europe's shore
To find the far unfound. But you, intent
On peace, found life an aching, open sore.
And yet, with twenty thousand days half-spent,
You saw your angel, found your far, lost door.

YOUNG WE WALKED A DUSTY ROAD

By Lonnie L. Cook

(Third Place, 1959)

Young we walked a dusty road,
Flat to ground we gulped our fill.
Arm in arm alone we fled,
To seek our can't and lose our will.

Young we grasped it not at all,
Win, lose, rules, talk.
From common mold unlike we came,
Soon, late, run, walk.

Young we wed another they,
Fast we crept to nowhere place.
Side by side apart we ran,
And neither won a nothing race.

Young we left as old we came,
Gold, clay, spring, snow.
From apart together then,
First, last, yes, no.

LAMENT

By David A. Fort

(First Place, 1958)

No thumb for his fast spool,
Or drag to his flying line.
His load in the salt air sailed,
And fell in the liquid shine.

His tracks in the dunes are blown.
The high tide reached his mark.
He is with the angelfish,
Or the stingray, or the shark.

Silent now the frigate birds,
With unstirred feathers, pass
South to the bonefish waters,
Their crucifix shadows cast.

My lament rises and falls
And breaks and blows and swells.
The plovers run on the shining sand,
And alone I must look for shells.

THE SWAMP VIRGIN

By Rubin Zach Farmer

(Second Place, 1959)

Deep in a swamp, in wild repose,
There grew a fair, white virgin rose.
Upon her brow a crown of dew
Shone brightly, and each day was new.
She knew no honor but to grow;
She could not wander to and fro';
She had no way to find a mate;
But, still, she gloried in her fate.

Of loneliness she had no fear.
Her constant friends were birds and deer
And squirrels barking in the trees.
But most of all she loved the bees
That kissed her gentle, fragrant face
While humming to their busy pace.

By day, she watched the sunshine's rays
Glide softly through the ferny sprays;
By night, she heard the lonesome owl
Sing chorus to the panther's growl.
She waltzed in every lulling breeze
That sang crescendo through the trees.
And when refreshing rains came down,
She sparkled in her verdant gown.

Un-touched, she reigned her whole life through
There in the black swamp where she grew.
And no man's eyes (but one's) has seen
The beauty of this Virgin Queen.

COVE MOUNTAIN AT EVENING

By Jerry O'Neill Cook

(Second Place, 1958)

When the nebulous night begins to flow across
An ashen sky, like pigment spilled upon
An empty canvas, covers it, and drops
Below to drape in drab and somber hues
The hills and woods and lakes and lowly vales,
Then up the long and foot-worn mountain path
I come, to catch the first ethereal drop
Of night: and, in that fleeting moment which
Is neither day nor night but born of both
I find a beauty lovelier by far
Than any beauty night could hide with all
Its vaporous veils or day debase by its
Analysis — it is the loveliness
Of things seen but in part; the beauty of
A fleeting thought; the soft sublimity
Of silence; the vague and hazy hush of death;
The sudden scintillating tremor of
The senses when a woman barely clothed
Is seen . . .
The gossamer fog slips slowly in
And places formless fingers over all
Below; and I remain alone, removed
From man by night — but not eternally.

IF I COULD SHED THIS SHELL OF DYING DUST

By Lonnie Lee Cook

(Fourth Place, 1958)

If I could shed this shell of dying dust
And race with meteors across the sky,
Would I be weary of my trouble trust
Or bent and broken by this living lie?

If I could take these bones of crumbling chalk
And laughing, sprinkle them on bloody heads,
Then footless on the floor of heaven stalk,
Would I be dutiful to earth's drab dreads?

If I could cast away the errant eye
And gaze on glories only sightless see
Would I be the lamb who fears to die?
What fears would death or life then hold for me?

But I am bound to earth by feet of clay
That cling like magnets to this baser dust;
Impotently I curse my fate and sway
Between the thing I cannot be and must.

THE PHANTASMA

By Cotesworth Pinckney Fishburne

(Third Place, 1958)

'Twas dreary in the bleak late winter afternoon
When murking, bogging through the slushy dark lagoon
And wandering through the cypress' darkly-tinted shades
And scrub brush with so many gloomy-colored glades,
I chanced upon a spot on higher, firmer ground
Though hidden by the plant walls towering all around;
And here 'twas where through evening mist I saw an oak,
A giant tree, a gloomy tree — an oak
With tears of moss like to a funeral cloak.

"O Oak!" I cried, "who gave thee beauty so profound
And lets thee drink thy food so freely from the ground,
And lets thee watch the sun by day — the moon by night —
While other foolish creatures in this world must fight
And work and slave and cheat and save and sell and lie,
While yet you stand with such composure — head up high?"
In vain I shouted all my questions in my dream,
The silence shattered only by an egret's scream.

BALLAD OF A GAMBLING MAN

By Sam Watson, Jr.

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Once as a man I would not be
  As common men have been,
With narrow fortunes, binding prides
  That kill the souls of men.
I had the will to see a dream
  And joy of dreams to gain:
I'd be a gambling man, dear Belle,
  I'd be a gambling man!

Then life was full and life was gay,
  And life was O so free.
And how I loved my new rich life
  As fortune smiled on me
—The sweetest smile I'd ever seen—
  And made of life a game
For me, a gambling man, dear Belle,
  For me, a gambling man.

And then I saw her luring lips,
  The diamond ring she wore:
The trophy of a war she'd waged;
  She'd played love's game before—
Where stakes are high and hearts are cheap—
  I dared her play again,
'Gainst me, a gambling man, dear Belle,
  'Gainst me, a gambing man.

Against my heart she staked her kiss—
  It won a heart before.
But what had won was mine to win;
  Her kiss to win, and more.
We gambled on, and with a will—
  She played a wild free game
With me, a gambling man, dear Belle,
  With me, a gambling man.

She played that game with honest fire
  That put this man to shame;
But lacking craft she had to lose
  At a gambler's heartless game.
I took her kiss her deep brown eyes,
  Her heart I soon had won.
She loved this gambling man, dear Belle,
  She loved this gambling man.

What's easy won is easy lost
  Or easy tossed away.
I tossed her heart away, O Lord,
  I tossed her heart away.
In careless scorn I tossed away
  This heart I'd easy won:
A reckless gambling man, dear Belle,
  A reckless gambling man!

But with her wiles she'd put my heart
  Where her heart should have been.
And when I tossed a heart away
  'Twas mine that I did in.
She had not lost by lack of craft—
  O what a fool I'd been!
She killed a gambling man, dear Belle,
  She killed a gambling man.

THE CANDY MAKER

By Pat Zimmerman

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Chocolate covered mouth,
Mint on eyes,
Peppermint sticking out ear,
Sweet.

Mr. Preten absorbed my group,
And Bishop Bloom was there to save our souls,
And Doctor Hoke was there to mold our souls,
And Doctor Scope was there to cure our souls.
They gave the blessing to all the men
And a greeting to those who thanked them for it,
Then Preten's army put us in a box.
But they forgot, I quite assure you, that I was human yet
And even more, I thought (it didn't matter what).

This candy maker failed on me alone;
Twas only I, the bitter man who felt.
Sour, unsavory, unfit they whispered upon the taste,
Meanwhile I laughed and drew a perfect circle
Around their whimpering, retreating tongues.
And laughed while I threw water on their candy army.
Preten had neglected me.

No chocolate on mouth,
Unminted eyes,
Peppermint in hand,
Mocking,
Justly.

The sweet candy maker angered,
His loyal helpers raged in anxious fear
That innocent eyes would open wide,
Exposing candy men to world-wide trouble
Leading to some provocation, question if you would.
And surely they would ask him why or when—
Maybe he could make an answer, more likely not.

I left the candy maker's world
Still bare from sugar coating.
They say he often speaks of me to his candy army,
That I'm bitter, sour, untasty, unappreciative,
While warning that they too may fall the prey
Of knowledge, compromise and self-control,
If they aren't careful, quiet, prudent, nice.
Or at least appear to be.

Bitter
Sweet
Many
One
Good
Bad or Bad
Good
Break then
no !
I'm coated too.

THE CHURCH

By Sam Harmon

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

It's like Colossus, spanning East and West.
Once built, it stands in majesty and pride.
Alas! But 'tis too high for men to reach,
And too mechanical to stoop to them.

It's like a mighty rocket on a pad;
A stately and majestic thing to view;
But useless, standing quietly and still.
Although it has the power and the will,
No fuel runs within this great machine;
And thus there is no spark, no fire; no flight.

It's like an aged tree spread o'er the world,
It's roots in time, it's branches over space.
Sagaciously it grew from Palestine,
It's branches growing, blooming, giving fruit.
An evergreen it was, that grew year 'round,
Entirely covered o'er with lucid green.
Alas! Today its limbs are gnarled and bare;
The leaves are dropping, dead; the sap recedes.
Alas! Alas! 'Tis now a leafless thing
In which the birds no longer seek to nest;
And squirrels shun its trunk and limbs to find
A stronger place to face the coming cold.

THE CRUCIFIXION

By Jas. P. Kilgo

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

'They'll no get him a' in a book I think
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere
But aye loved the open sea.'

Mr. George F. Simpson stood in
Line to watch them nail a handsome
Jesus to a handsome cross all
Sanded smooth and nice and free from

Splinters. Later George remarked that
It was excellent though the blood was
Unconvincing and he'd never
Pictured Him quite so timorous.

On Sunday George watched them gently
Place Him upon a bright and shining
Cross and preach a sermon free from
Nails and blood and pain and dying.
and what I want to know is
how do you like your blue-eyed boy
Mister Simpson?

MAY DAY, 1960

By Franklin B. Buie

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Spring has onee more come,
With all her flowers, leaves , and blades,
And bids men go, to clear the land,
And turn the earth with rusty spades —
That the fresh soil will clean again
The rust of winter's painful cold,
And so the protective paint will go,
To leave shining the polished steel.
The tools will keep through constant use,
So tend the fields with true devotion,
So that rust will not creep in.
But when the fall does come again,
Let's paint the tools, so that they
May be eleaned as easily next spring.

OLD MAN

By Chas. M. Israel

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Old man with cataracks and tortured nerves,
With urgent tremor, torpid mind,
You plague my soul and sight and life—
You warn me of a circumstance.

Read there and separate the man from death,
Believing that a yearly tithe
Will save the cloakman's vest and shawl
And fetter tight an ounce of truth.

Take that and celebrate the light of dawn.
Imbide the stream of art and know
That now your life is not a step
To ugly rot and endless dark.

Sec this and tell me that you dare to live
With penury in your dank cell
Of shadow, tears, and hosts of wrong,
Awaiting nothing strong and right.

* * *

My son, the cell of age is truth enough.
The walls of it are rieh reward.
Not punishment is shadow for—
The shadow stills and soothes and warms.

Yes, seek the image of the dawn and clasp
The strong and right, but find the way
To mellow years that lift the weak
And greet the wrong and love the young.

MY FOOL, MY FOOL

By Pat Zimmerman

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Out of the night that covers the headless army
An infinite cylinder moves past
In movement which is my own,
And sliding blasts a question
So great and deep I vex my will
To dare to search its nature.
The after-born can see a shape,
But told to find a point they refuse
And hope to find a line.
Not content with even sight of this,
You and I are dropped alone from nothing
(If you can bear) to understand and signify.

Do we dare to lift the velvet drape
And break their faith in aluminum crosses
Smothered between velvet robes and reeking blooms?
Should we tell them the prioress is a prostitute
Who plies her trade at night
Between the weeds and upon Sir Cromwell's grave?
Or that she can prey and pray as well as they,
With eyes so pure upon the golden blob?
I wonder if they wished so noble a death.

Do you dare to part the vevstry whieh hides
The sonorous tone of time, which marks
The end of time itself and even more,
From ears which close in searching?
Should you let it seep around its defining shape
To crawl upon a formless form,
Into and from that which is less that void,
Toward our whimpering vanguard?
But how would you explain
If to such needs the greatest sound
Would sneer and turn its hand
In sympathy alone, saying:

My fool, my fool, my drunken fool,
Please have another drink;
My fool, my fool, my drunken fool,
Will you never think?

THE SCULPTOR

By Melford A. Wilson, Jr.

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

He weeps
But I must seal the cave.

—what mockery—

A genius he
what perfect roses
Just the right marble
for your Moses.
I
not you am captive
bound by chains,
of frosty nights and
lonely thoughts
of distant
love.
Let the Creator destroy
Not Me!
He alone is guilty of perfection.
And the old redneck,
already bloated,
Circumaviates.
Must you devour all?

On chilling Autumn wind,
Each leaf
has one frenzied
free
flight
Earthward.

Now
at Sunset—
the Jhelum oozes toward the Sind;
He weeps,
But I must seal the cave—
Please!
lay the last brick thyself,
Anarkali.
Note: For clarity's sake one should know
the **He** in both "He weeps"
is Shah Jahan.

SWIMMING SNAKE

By Fred W. Robbins

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

Out on a lake one day I rowed
With difficulty, against a hard wind
That pushed the water so it flowed
Into the bank weed, and made it sway and bend.
I chanced to look around at the lake
And see a thing much despised by men;
Swimming placidly, a poisonous snake —
And so I vowed to kill him then.

I noted where he was, and rowed there —
A harder rowing I've never done,
There, being buffeted by the swirling air
And pounded by the caustic sun.

The winded water moved, and seemed
To want no boat, surely not mine
On it, and on the snake the sun beamed
As hard as on me I know it had to shine.

And the water trail he made spread
Out across his part of water in a "V"
And his wake when followed down led
To a serpentine crown peering at me.
In a race, my muscle against his
To a point on the shore where
He was going; about it I remember this —
I could never have beaten him there.

TURNABOUT

By Fred W. Robbins

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

I don't care much about mountains, but I know
A charming one; it may be my favorite dirt;
I have yet to see its hidden top,
Thickly rolling clouds there perching never
Change save to grow thicker at times;
The face shows its barren forehead boldly
Prominent, lower pined heavily green ridges
Specially separated, unshared;
He has triumphed over his neighbors,
And seems to wear a minor crown.
They say, "Why don't you climb up top?",
Old ones, I would not bring my feeble light
Into such a blessed darkness.

THE EPISODE OF EVENTIDE

By Bob Yelton

(Honorable Mention, 1962)

The gloaming slippers of the moon
Dance on the fingers of the sun.
The creeping shades of evening call
To testify that day is done.

Yet in the West, there smolders, still
The ashes of the flame of day.
By airy breath of evening tinged,
Incarnadined and silver-grey.

Succumbs the day, surpassed by night
Sweet soothing sounds of solitude
To shroud the inner sanctum of
The mind of man in solemn mood.

The stars, galactic pendents, hung
Just out of reach of the human race,
And comets break a silent path
Through timeless, boundless, endless space.

A lonesome cloud seeks to embrace
The silver moon and hide her light,
But from the West, a jealous breeze
Soon sends the lover into flight.

Then throbs the threshing, thrushing tide
Upon the silver, glittering sand
To plant a kiss, a sweet caress
Upon these livid lips of land.

Upon this tract two figures stroll
Through sifting sand. The salty spray
Then rushes in; no trace remains
To show that man has passed this way.

SONG OF EARLY SUMMER

By Gerald Gibson

(Honorable Mention, 1959)

Spring comes
And speaks in dulcet tones
Words warm and gentle in the ear
of naive youth.
It spreads around its flowers—
Crimson, yellow, all the hues—
upon the hills;
And splatters milky white of clouds
Upon the blue of sky
To charm the eye
of simple youth.

Youth smiles
And lifts his eyes and heart,
And bursts forth with a wordless song
of joy *sans peur.*
He stretches beneath the sun.
Vibrant, thrilling; thus is life,
when Youth meets Spring.
He runs bare-foot across fresh-plowed fields.
And fords a gurgling stream,
And feels a dream
of hope *sans peur.*

Why speak you, Spring,
of beauty,
happiness—
of love?
Why paint you, Spring,
so beautiful a scene?

They say she lies, gay Youth,
Spring does;
They say her words deceive.
There is no happiness,
no joy, they say,
And you must die
unwanted
and unloved.

Poetry is the imaginative expression of strong feeling, . . . the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings recollected in tranquility.

—William Wordsworth

* * * * *

I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as the rhythmical creation of beauty.

—Edgar Allen Poe

* * * * *

Poetry is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity.

—Leigh Hunt

* * * * *

Poetry is language that tells us, through a more or less emotional reaction, something that cannot be said. All poetry, great or small, does this.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson

* * * * *

By poetry I mean the art of producing pleasure by the just expression of imaginative thought and feeling in metrical language.

—W. J. Courthope

* * * * *

Poetry is the starlight of life.

—Archibald Rutledge

If the animal had not escaped within 300 seconds, his performance was recorded as a complete failure and the time of 300 seconds was recorded.

Performance on the emotionality test was measured by placing the animal down within the box and counting the number of squares crossed in a five-minute interval. Animals crossing fewer squares were assumed to be more emotionally disturbed than animals crossing more squares.

Complete records of the performance of each subject in the water maze were achieved by tracing the subject's route on a mimeographed drawing of the maze. Time required to solve the maze was recorded. The number of errors made by the subject was operationally defined in two ways: (1) by counting the number of incorrect alleys entered; and (2) by counting the total number of units traveled in the maze.

During the testing, the rich-environment subjects and the restricted-environment subjects were alternately run through the maze, each animal going through the maze once a day for seven consecutive days.

(c) Results:

For the escape problem the median test was employed. In the escape from the dry sink, the rich-environment group had three subjects above the median and 18 subjects below, while the restricted group had 16 subjects above the median and one subject below. Similarly, the rich-environment group, in the escape from the wet sink, had 14 subjects below the median and five subjects above, while the restricted group had four below the median and 13 above. Both of these tests were significant beyond the .01 level and tended to support the hypothesis that the rich-environment group would be superior to the restricted-environment group in learning a simple escape problem.

The rich-environment subjects crossed a mean of 53.64 squares and the restricted-environment subjects crossed a mean of 43.18 squares in five minutes within the gridded box. This difference of 10.46 gave a T-score of 2.48 which is significant between the .05 and .01 level. This supports our position that the rich-environment subjects would be less emotionally disturbed in the enclosed box than the restricted subjects.

In the water maze test (E1), the rich-environment group entered a mean of 24.05 incorrect alleys and the restricted group, a mean of 45.94. This difference of 21.89 gives a T-score of 2.97 which is significant beyond the .01 level. By another way of calculating errors (E2), the rich-environment group traveled a mean of 74.23 units and the restricted-environment group traveled a mean of 161.76 units. Again, this difference of 87.53 results in a T-scorce of 3.02 which also is significant beyond the .01 level. All the tests conducted on the water-maze data, except time, gave significant results.

2. Experiment No. 2

(a) Apparatus:

The equipment described in Experiment No. 1 was used.

(b) Procedure:

After the tests had been completed in experiment No. 1, the environments were reversed. The experimental group was shifted from the large loaded cage to the restricted, standard cages and the control group was switched to the large cage. They lived in their reversed environments for roughly 100-125 days. Then the two groups were tested again in the manner previously described. This time, the hypothesis was that while the control group would improve considerably, they were not expected to catch up to the level of performance of the experimental group. This is consistent with the view that early experience has more lasting effects on behavior than later experiences.

(c) Results:

The escape from the dry sink resulted in the restricted group (of the first experiment) having 12 subjects above the median and 5 subjects below,while the rich-environment group had 7 subjects above the median and 13 subjects below. These results are statistically significant beyond the .01 level. However, the escape from the wet sink, which followed the dry sink problem by about two hours, resulted in an insignificant difference. These results tended to support our belief that the restricted group would catch up considerably to the rich-environment group.

The rich-early-environment group had a mean of 43.57 squares crossed in the emotionality test and the restricted-early-environment group had a mean of 29.59. This difference of 13.98 gave a T-score of 2.59 which is significant beyond the .01 level. These results support the hypothesis that later deprivation or richness of experience little effects the emotionality of mature rats.

The water-maze problem also lent support to the hypothesis that the rich-early-environment group would maintain their superiority in learning ability. The experimental group had means of 8.42 and 24.00 and E1 and E2 respectively, while the control group had respective means of 15.87 and 46.93. These gave T-scores of 3.71 for E1 and 3.42 for E2, both of which are significant beyond the .01 level.

There were no significant differences using the time scores.

SUMMARY:

The reported experiment substantiates the hypothesis that the effects of environment on behavior are inversely related to the age of the organism. It has been shown that the animals with early experience in a rich environment show better learning ability and greater emotional stability than animals raised in a restricted environment. Giving restricted environment animals a rich environment late in their lives did not overcome the effects of their early restriction. On the other hand, animals raised in an early rich environment are not noticeably affected by a period of environmental deprivations and restrictions occurring after maturity.

Baseball Reconsidered

by Dean Philip S. Covington

Despite all the progress which has been made in education in recent years, and particularly the giant strides taken in such things as education for life and life adjustment, it is deplorable, even appalling, that many schools continue to permit or even sponsor athletic teams. Progressive educators have too long confined their efforts to the promotion of more flexible curricula and more democratic methods of learning together and grading, and the insidious effects of competitive sport have been overlooked. How can we hope to produce generations of men and women with a true feeling for togetherness so long as on the playing fields of our very schools themselves, students are allowed to engage in the most blatant of ego-centered activity?

I shall confine my remarks to the so-called "all-American sport," baseball, though everything true of it will be found equally true of such "games" as football, basketball, and many others.

Baseball is played by two diametrically opposed teams, which deal with each other in the most hostile and competitive fashion imaginable. Possibly educators have been lulled into a false sense of security by frequently-made statements that such team sports produce "team spirit" and cooperation. Nothing could be further from the truth. To begin with, even on a given team, there is little or no democracy. Each of the nine players is assigned a certain task, or location, such as third base, or right field, and this position he, and he alone, plays. The pitcher, who obviously enjoys a focal position in the eyes of the spectators, is a breed apart, and is assigned his task by the "coach," who exercises a completely despotic control over the entire team. Even when during a game a pitcher's performance is adjudged[1] inferior, he is replaced by another pitcher, never by, for instance, a right-fielder, regardless of the latter's feelings, tenure, or length of service. When cooperation does take place on a team[2], team.
its purpose is to accomplish a sort of higher aggression against the opposing team, and is hostile in its ultimate intent.

Opposing teams have no opportunity for fellowship or togetherness. When team A is batting, for instance, team B is out on the field, moving heaven and earth to turn to naught the batting efforts of Team A. And then the situation is simply reversed through nine "innings," each team, while at bat, attempting to score "runs," which are the only measure used in determining which team is victorious. If by happy chance the ninth inning should end in a tie, instead of rejoicing at this mutuallly agreeable state, the game simply continues until one team or the other emerges victorious, and the other group experiences failure and all the traumatic effects thereof.

Nothing about the game is wholesome, or promotes togetherness. The pitcher throws balls fast or slow, near or far from the batter, not to assist him in making a creditable showing and developing self-confidence, but to make him miss the ball completely and retire in public shame. And on his side, the batter lunges at the ball with an appalling ferocity, attempting to "knock the pitcher out of the box."

So far as I have been able to ascertain, nothing about the game is permissive, nor brought about by group, or even committee, deliberation. The diamond proper consists of four stations, or bases, three of which are assigned numbers, and the other, at which the batter stands, is called, with cynical inappropriateness, "home plate." A sad situation when this base, the very crux of hostility and aggression, is titled "home," while we teach courses in family living, the whole tenor of which is to promote equality and sharing among the members of the family.

All the rules, and there seem to be many, are accepted unquestioningly by the participants. For example, if a batter misses the ball thrown by the pitcher three times, he is said to have "struck out," and to have failed completely. This purely dogmatic judgment is made by a tyrant, appropriately clad in black, who is evidently so ferocious that he wears a muzzle, obviously to prevent his biting someone in a fit of rage! No discussion ensues, or is even tolerated, and no effort is made to take into consideration the effort or spirit of the batter, or of individual differences in general. No one seems to know, or worse, to care, whence these arbitrary rules came. I may say that my researches into the matter, asking why three strikes should be "out," and not

[1]By the coach alone.

[2]E.g., when a right-fielder, having retrieved a ball struck by an opposing batter, throws it to the first baseman on his own

four, or two, and particularly my rather searching question as to whether the batter himself might not be the best judge of whether or not he had batted long enough, have been met with complete indifference, and have even subjected me at times to scorn and contumely.

This, then, is the "sport" which we have so long winked at — planned, rigid, and applauded aggression. Surely we must take steps to eradicate it and its like and replace them with purposeful experiences in sharing, for is not this the proper training for the future?

One other possibility occurs to me. If, as I fear, the sport is so deeply fixed in the mores as to be impossible to eradicate, it may still be possible to do what we have done so effectively in the classrooms, that is, to abolish the competitive instinct and all its attendant evils.

Let us substitute a progressive-type of report card on the performance of the individual players. This would take the place, ultimately, of "winning" or "losing" the game, and would take into account individual differences, and would result finally in a "player-centered game," rather than the "game-centered player" we have at present. Such a report card would, of course, not list such things at times at bat, errors, or runs batted in, but would contain for each player such entries as:

1. Contributes to group discussion.
2. Is developing social skills.
3. Shares materials and experiences with playmates.
4. Adjusts well to group activities.

Other things will doubtless occur to you which can be done later. For instance, teams which score many runs could be deprived of some of these, on a sort of sliding scale. These surplus runs could be put in a common fund and assigned to teams making too few runs.

Surely this would be more in accord with current trends in education. But let us be prepared to face criticism of this move. I should be very much surprised if, after a few years of the new, progressive game, we do not find a spate of reactionary books with such titles as "Why Johnny Can't Bat."

SONG OF SPRING

SKETCH

by Philip Shearouse

Life is conceived in the fall of our suppression, and throughout the winter of depression it develops into an embryonic form which continually grows and takes more familiar and more tangible forms. Finally the irrepressible Spring liberates our souls of fettering formalities, and the blooming blossom divorces itself from the grounds of its seeding. From thence, life flowers into a variety of forms and experiences resulting in the color, personality, and beauty for which it was purposed. The indolent Summer sees the height of its pleasure—and then the harvest.

I see this, and it affects me. How? It's hard to say. I have aimlessly rambled through the Spring in my beautiful, bouquet-like Savannah, and in uncountable ways seen the fragrant flowering, colossal coloring Spring. I have been obviously aware of its perpetual proximity since then, even in moments of diligent effort. The sound of languid surf upon the sands of quiet beaches has become a pounding pronouncement of spirited youth. And I recall moments of aesthetic indolence when my body, stretched out upon the shore, allows my mind complete freedom to bring me back to basic, conscientious concepts pertaining to life, its beginnings, purposes, and its end.

Perhaps the feeling is melancholy; perhaps it is just laziness. When one sees, however, the multitude of many-colored azaleas which annually bloom there, one feels, indeed he becomes the poet who takes individual, commonplace words and sounds and makes them into the song of beauty and truth. One becomes the musician who creates a masterful expression of life from a confusion of notes, symbols, times, rhythms, phrases, and styles. What particular quality of mind, peculiar depth of soul, and innate intuition do these masters of musical mysteries possess, I cannot say.

Mentally, I become like the dormant dogwood in the winter who in the spring forgets his cold winter of wasted dwarfness and flowers into the epitome of beauty among trees. Past failures fade, great and overpowering success dominates my mind; the little insignificant self temporarily vanishes, and I am the universe, bound by bands of intangible prejudice and hindering humanity.

My eye sees millions of rosebuds opening into blooms of unsurpassed beauty, and my mind sees endless possibilities, limitless thoughts, and ideas. The sound of life are fresh and invigorating at this time. The birds, performing their natural duty; people, forever hurrying; rain, faithfully falling; wind, incessantly whispering through the trees; waves, continually climbing upon the shore; and, Nature herself, beckoning the beautiful and the young as her disciples—all demand a sensuous reply that cannot be realized in words. The obscene sweetness of gardenia in the summer causes my thoughts to soar to heights as yet unattained, as yet untarnished by human frailties. The spirit lingers there until the long, liquid days of summer remind me of the reality of human fallibility. Yet I am not discouraged, for I know that some day humanity will end and Divinity shall be.

RESOLUTION

by W. B. Mosley

It is darkening now. But the bonfires are bright enough for me to write this. I am sitting at the mouth of one of the caves we sleep in, for sometimes it rains very hard. I must be careful because we cannot write. If I were caught I would be whipped or maybe tied somewhere to die when the rest move to another place. There are several of us who are at one of the bonfires now. A man has found several books in an old building. A fat woman, Maria, grabs wildly for one of the books. I see more running toward the pile of them, laughing wildly. Maria hurries toward me and stops to tear pages from the book to give to her small boy. The boy jumps

gleefully and claps his hands then tears the pages with his mouth and his hands. Maria throws more torn pages into the air and small children run to catch them falling. Then they run quickly to the bonfire to throw them in, and they are happy. Their eyes glow brightly and they show their teeth in mirth. The old men watch and scream insanely because this is what must be done, and they are glad we do this because our leader stands on a platform and says we must do it to survive. The women dance around the fire and laugh; the men clap their hands and scream for them to go on dancing, and the children tear the last few pages from the books and run after the others who have more pages so they can tackle them and steal the pages for themselves to throw into the fire.

Many days ago I was walking into one of the forbidden buildings. In a small room I found something I never saw before. They were flat and round, black, with colorful paper in the middle and a hole in the middle of the paper. I took as many as I could carry and climbed out the window so I could keep these thing for myself. They were fun to sail through the air. I climbed on a hill and threw them off and they rose through the air lightly and slowly fell to the ground. The paper on the things had writing on it. The only one I remember said "Overture of 1812." But Andre found me with my prizes and said we must destroy them. So we took them to the bonfire and one by one threw them in as people looked at them curiously. Our leader picked up a torch and lit one of them. It burned brightly and black smoke came from it and it melted. Small burning meteors fell from it to the ground where they went out and turned hard. We laughed and yelled because this was the first time we had ever found them before. But I didn't want to burn them because they were fun to throw into the air. I am not satisfied until I find out what they are. I must know.

It is forbidden to read the books. We must burn them without questions. One day I didn't do that. I crawled into the crowd and fought to take a book which had dropped on the outside, "Immortal Poems." I tore out several pages and threw the rest into the bonfire and after most of us left, I took the pages and tore them into smaller parts and piece by piece tossed them into the fire. One piece I managed to sneak in my pocket and that night by the light of the fire I read it. I do not remember ever crying because I was happy, and although I still do not know what the words mean, I read it every night and I felt clean and small and in a way that is how I like to feel. I know the words by heart but I don't know who said it and where I tore the paper are words that are also torn. I still cry when I say it: "Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, to me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep. . . ." And the other side: "In utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

Today one of the women had a child, but it died. Our leader said it died because of the poison in the air. He said those from the past forbidden civilization, when they killed each other almost completely, caused poison to be put in the air which now kills new children. I think he is right too, because many children are dead; only a few live and they are often helpless. Also, today after the child died and the woman cried and yelled wildly, the men went into many of the forbidden buildings to burn and destroy. I stayed here to help calm the woman and to hunt for food. Later the men came back and everyone madly rushed to the things they brought to tear them up and toss them into the fires. I was caught in a crowd and I fell. They stepped on my body and hands. I groped for two books and hid them in my shirt. Then I went into the cave. I am getting too careless. Someone will discover my sin if I do not watch out. The books I have are so wonderful. It is almost morning now, and all night I have written this and looked at my books. One of them says "American Dictionary," and the other one is torn but inside on the tops of the pages are words like "Matthew," "Romans," and "Genesis."

I have decided not to steal the books and save them. I will try to read them and try like I did with my piece of paper to understand them. I know our leader is wrong but to say it would mean death. However, I must do something. I have no choice. . . .

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COLD WAR ECONOMICS

by Mike Copps

Today our country is locked in a struggle that is testing, as never before, whether it is capable of adapting to the stresses of a volatile world. The struggle is not only political and social, but it is economic, in the sense that economics constitutes a specific field of inquiry and application. A nation's political and economic ideals are, manifestly, included in the general term "social," but the distinction of terms is becoming constantly more imperative, in view of the fact that an economic conflict is the foundation upon which the total struggle takes form. This being the case, it is not only ideal, but necessary, that the participants in this total ideological conflict become more fully acquainted with the basic concepts which fashion the philosophies of economics.

Perhaps the most important concept which one could derive from such a study is a realization that no single economic theory has universal applicability. Since the problems of the diverse areas of our globe are many and varied, it would be naive in the extreme to suppose that an economic panacea is resident in any one approach, unless that approach be pragmatism. In the councils of world leadership, it seems to me, a belated appreciation of this idea is coming to the fore. Pragmatism is probably the lowest common denominator between nations, economically as well as politically. To cringe at the thought of economic novelty is to sentence the greater part of mankind to numberless decades of abject poverty. The world as a whole is a long way off from real prosperity, from the abolition of poverty. It is not for the citizens of one country to commit the aspirations of other peoples, as manifested in untried theories, to the vacuum of an economic limbo, simply on the basis of an assumed incompatibility of political ideals.

This inevitably leads to a consideration of the problems of economic planning and control. Our country has indeed been gifted in its relatively long period of development. Our political heritage has allowed us to view the trial-and-error method, with its many attendant failures, in an atmosphere of equanimity and composure. But the emergent nationalities of 1962, lacking this heritage, are in a hurry; they are not to be denied. Thus their planning must be rigid; it lacks flexibility. At the same time, it is well to remember that planning and controls are no doubt the categorical imperatives for these new lands. Robert Heilbroner, in a brilliant volume, *The Worldly Philosophers*, astutely observes that "the harsh discipline of collectivism is much less noticeable at the margin of existence where life is already horribly disciplined." These newly-emergent lands have not, so they believe, the time for unplanned experimentation. The job of the United States now becomes, one would think, not to dictate alien political philosophies that have little relevance to countries steeped in centuries of their own culture, but to encourage the best possible planning techniques, planning which we hope will assist in realizing the economic freedom that is, to these nations, prior to political freedom on a grand scale. We did not make this choice. Our nation was fortunate in that economic freedom and political freedom accompanied one another, at least much of the time, during the decades of the Industrial Revolution. On the other hand, it is by their own choice that newly-independent nations have demanded and are demanding economic betterment firstly. From the vantage-point of our pedestals of prosperity and forts of freedom, this arrangement may seem far from ideal, but it is the actual situation with which we must cope. Our hope is that economic freedom will bring in its wake more politically liberal states.

Our system of capitalism has, of course, been amazingly successful in the United States. We have areas of depressed squalor in our midst, but, all things considered, our nation is the most prosperous in the history of the world. This is true because the United States has proven itself willing to adapt the system to the exigencies of the times. This, in turn, is true because of the aforementioned combination of a political heritage and an economic prosperity. This process of adjustment, as Mr. Heilbroner points out, was viewed by Karl Marx as an impossibility. Selfish capitalists, insisting on complete freedom, would be inherently unable to initiate the controls necessary to deal with the complexities of capitalism. This is yet another revelation of the excessive rigidity of Marx's dogmas. They lack that seasoned moderation and bending tolerance so necessary if a "creed" is to survice long enough for a thorough-going trial.

To successfully deal with our ideological adversary and to simultaneously wipe the last vestiges of poverty from this world, we must place our system in its proper perspective. Political freedom, desirable as it is, cannot be founded in a vacuum of poverty and despair; it can only be founded when the appropriate educational processes and economic betterment have demonstrated to the striving populaces the intrinsic advantages of a more sophisticated and a more demanding political method, a method that is an end with itself rather than a means to a necessary, if prior, end.

●

Comment . . .

About towers . . .

In thumbing old issues of *The Journal*, I have found that, almost without exception, editors have devoted their last column to reflections—reflections about towers, and men, and rules, and knowledge, and syrup—all with one unifying theme: that strange mixture of men and machines we call Wofford College. I shall certainly make no attempt to break that tradition, because as we all know, everyone must hold something sacred.

Participation . . .

The whole problem is participation in the closed community. We must all be made to feel a part of the group. We must participate in it. The law-givers are not satisfied with preparing us for participation in the larger closed community and certainly no serious consideration can be given to the transcendental, if in fact it is possible. But possibly, they are so subtle, that we cannot understand their efforts toward our subconscious and our values. I doubt it.

In leaving . . .

But I leave Wofford with mostly love for her and only that amount of ill-will necessary to make life interesting. I hope she can some day become the citadel of knowledge and scholarly attainment, not only in the South, but in the whole world.

Wofford has her share of problems, but probably no more than other colleges. Could I leave one word with my alma mater as to the solutions, it would be "experiment!" "Try new things"—and this is not to say, "Try new cut systems." Experiment with whole new methods of learning, like the great book method, or the learn-on-your-own method, or the individual-student-faculty-session method. There is absolutely nothing sacred in the semester-hour-quality-point-go-to-class-or-get-kicked-out system! It may be the best way to teach students, but it may not be.

Oh well, this could go on *ad nauseam*.

Next year . . .

Changing the mood drastically and pleasantly, congratulations to Jim Kilgo and Pat Worrell for their respective elections as leader and money-man for next year's *Journal*. May they have as much fun as John Ed and I.

And finally . . .

Apologies to Betsy Snyder for the mistake in her name in the last issue. Apologies also to everyone for giving a certain young campus journalist the perfect opportunity to vent his anti-female sentiments.

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